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Richard the first and the Third crusade. From the French

Richard I (king of
England.)



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RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.



The Great Seal of King Richard the First.



The Second Great Seal of King Richard the First.

RICHARD THE FIRST

AND THE THIRD CRUSADE.

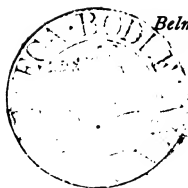
A BOOK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY THE

REV. CHARLES FORGE, OXON.

Belmont House, St. Leonards, Sussex.



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TO MY PUPILS.

HISTORY IS PHILOSOPHY teaching by Examples :
Read History.

BIOGRAPHY IS HISTORY speaking by Examples :
Read Biography.

Avoid Sentimentalism and Sensationalism : they
are weak.

Read Sir Walter Scott's Historical Novels : they
are unsurpassed.

Read Cooper's : they are delightful.

But read Novels only as a refreshment after your
severer studies.

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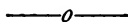
ERRATA.

- Page 21, line 5, for "1183" read "1189."
,, 24, ,, 4, for "renowed" read "renowned."
,, 134, ,, 23, for "20th" read "21st."
,, 142, ,, 14, for "symbols" read "cymbals."
,, 159, ,, 22, for "to" read "in."
,, 176, ,, 23, for "from" read "in."

Crusade, so much like the enthusiasm excited by the preaching of John Wesley and his successors.

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION,

KING OF ENGLAND.



CHAPTER I.

The Family of Plantagenet to Richard
Cœur-de-Lion.



T will not be unprofitable to call to mind the family stock of the hero who, in the middle ages, filled the world with the fame of his renown. One is pleased to search out the origin of celebrated men, as one wishes to know the source of great rivers, and to follow them to the ocean, where they are absorbed. The streams that are ever flowing to the sea will

always be a faithful image of human existence : once launched on the river of life, man stops not but in death, or rather in that ocean without bound which we call eternity.

Fifty-nine years had passed since the Conquest of England by the Normans, and the Anglo-Saxon race was entirely subdued by its new masters. Henry I., son of William the Conqueror, had succeeded his brother, William Rufus, and reigned without opposition over England and Normandy united.

His only legitimate son, Prince Henry, had perished in a shipwreck A.D. 1120. There only remained to this powerful sovereign his daughter, widow of Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, Maude, who was called the Empress.

In order to retain the crown of England in his family, it was necessary to Henry I. to leave it to his daughter. Certain obstacles lay in the way of this design. Maude, who loved Germany, was not

desirous of changing her elevated rank and splendid dowry in the empire for an uncertain succession. Again, the English and Norman barons were not at all disposed to be submissive to the government of a woman, such a system of government being without precedent in England and in Normandy.

But Henry, who did not wish to see the dynasty founded with so much splendour by his father die out with himself, imposed on her his sovereign will. Maude yielded, and the barons and the bishops, convoked in a general assembly, consented to acknowledge the empress as the presumptive heir to the crown of England, A.D. 1126. In the number of the nobles who swore solemnly to uphold the rights of the daughter of their king appears the name of Stephen, Count of Blois, nephew of Henry I., who was afterwards destined to overpass his cousin on the road to power.

The act by which the energetic son of

William the Conqueror had assured the crown to Maude was not the full accomplishment of the wishes of the king; he was anxious that his daughter should marry again, and in her issue secure the succession to the crown of England.

Henry I. had always courted the friendship of Fulke, Count of Anjou, whose power greatly menaced Normandy. Already the Prince Henry, the same who perished in the shipwreck, had married Matilda, the daughter of Fulke. This noble had just left his estates in Europe to his eldest son, in order to accept the brilliant but fragile crown of Jerusalem. Henry I. was eager to offer the hand of the empress to the new Count of Anjou, Geoffrey, surnamed Plantagenet, so called from his custom of wearing on his helmet, after the manner of a crest, a twig of flowering broom.

But before commencing these matrimonial negotiations with Geoffrey, the King

of England (who loved him for his fine mien, for the elegance of his manners, and his reputation of courage), invited him to his court, and dubbed him a knight at Rouën.

The marriage was celebrated at this city in A.D. 1127 with great pomp. On the first day of the feast the heralds-at-arms, in splendid costume, rode through the streets of the capital of Normandy, and made this proclamation at each cross-way: "By the command of King Henry, no man here present, inhabitant of the city or stranger, rich or poor, noble or serf, shall dare to shun the royal rejoicings; and be it understood, whosoever does not take his part in the diversions and games shall be guilty of contempt against his lord and king."

To understand the meaning of this extraordinary proclamation, it is necessary to say that the marriage, negotiated in secret, had excited the discontent of the barons, some of whom alleged that the

king could not dispose of the hand of their future sovereign without consulting them.

The king set all these murmurs at defiance, and congratulated himself on having blended by this marriage the fortunes of his family with those of the Plantagenets.

But the marriage, the full political importance of which Henry I. understood, was in its commencement a source of chagrin and uneasiness to him; for Geoffrey, though handsome, amiable, and brave, was yet only quite a youth (he was sixteen years old) when he married Maude, his senior by many years. In uniting herself to Geoffrey, the widow of Henry IV. had, as we have mentioned before, yielded, not without regret, to the orders of her father. To lose her title of Empress, and only to receive in exchange that of Countess of Anjou, and to vow obedience to a youth, was a humiliation to which she resigned herself with sorrow.

Passionate and haughty, like all those of his house, Geoffrey made his wife understand that the lineage he claimed was as good as that of the Duke of Normandy, and that he would not be the humble dependant of a daughter of the King of England.

Violent quarrels soon broke out between the husband and the wife. Maude betook herself to London to her father's court. But, thanks to the efforts of Henry I., Geoffrey and Maude were reconciled after a year's estrangement. They had three sons, the eldest of whom, whose lot it was to begin the dynasty of the Plantagenets, was afterwards Henry II. But the union of Geoffrey and Maude, from which proceeded a long line of illustrious monarchs, was never a happy one.

Rarely do absolute sovereigns, even the most able, impose their wills on their subjects after their decease. Henry I. believed that he had assured the crown to his daughter, and prepared the way for a

peaceful reign. After the death of the monarch in A.D. 1135, the crown of England was snatched from Maude by one whom she did not suspect to be a rival ; for he had been one of the first who, in the assembly of A.D. 1126 had rendered homage to her as his future sovereign : this was Stephen, Count of Blois, son of one of the sisters of Henry I.

Descended from the blood of William the Conqueror by his mother ; popular in England and in Normandy ; brave, active, able, and resolute, Stephen joined to all these advantages that of being on the very stage of events, while his cousin Maude was detained on the Continent.

Scarcely had Maude, accompanied by some faithful friends, landed in England to receive her paternal heritage, when Stephen was crowned in London, and the nobles, who had sworn to defend the rights of the empress, had vowed fidelity and homage to their new lord. In a moment, when the right of inheritance was not

yet firmly established in England, the throne fell to the lot of the first occupant.

A civil war broke out between the partisans of Stephen and those of Maude, who was compelled to recross the sea. It is said that Geoffrey Plantagenet sold his right to the throne for an annual pension of five thousand marks.

But Stephen had to meet an adversary more formidable than his cousin in the person of Henry, son of Maude and Geoffrey Plantagenet. The customs of the times did not permit young Henry to undertake any action of importance before he had been dubbed a knight. This dignity imposed obligations, in the fulfilment of which he did not wish to fall short; he went, therefore, to pay a visit to his uncle, David, King of Scotland, who embraced him and girded on him the sword and spurs of a warrior.

On his return his father made over to him the duchy of Normandy. Some years later (A.D. 1150) he died, and left him the

county of Anjou. In A.D. 1151 he married Eleanor of Aquitaine, who, in consequence of her divorce from Louis VII., transferred from France and gave to England the rich provinces which she had brought in dowry to her former husband.

Henry Plantagenet soon embarked with an army for England. Civil war again empurpled the fields of this country. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester intervened in the name of religion, and made their voices heard, and peace was established. Eustace, Count of Boulogne, the eldest son of Stephen, died, and Stephen thereupon consented to adopt Henry as his son and successor, William, the only other son who survived, renouncing his right to the crown of Stephen. Some months after, King Stephen died at Canterbury, A.D. 1154, after a stormy and contested reign of nearly nineteen years.

The son of Geoffrey and Maude became king, under the title of Henry II., and

found himself master of vast possessions at the age of 22 years. England belonged to him; a third part of France, on the western coast, from the frontiers of Picardy to the mountains of Navarre, acknowledged his authority. He was, however, a vassal of the King of France, but the vassal who did homage to his suzerain for these possessions was really stronger than the sovereign who received the homage. The political arrangements of Henry I. received at last their accomplishment: a son of the empress wore the crown of William the Conqueror. Henry II. applied himself for many years to the cure of those evils which the civil wars had caused in England; he succeeded in the difficult task of taming and humiliating the proud barons, whose power weighed the people down and prejudiced the royal authority.

Henry II., who united in himself the dignity of the monarch and the manners of the gentleman, was eloquent, affable,

and learned ; he was fond of the conversation of scholars. His memory was especially good ; he retained, it has been said, all that he heard and all that he read.

But beneath a captivating exterior he concealed a heart capable of descending to the basest artifices, and of making sport of honour and truth. He pretended to justify his habit of lying by an immoral maxim that "it was better to repent of a word than an act, and to be guilty of a lie than to be baffled in the pursuit of any object of ardent desire."

"I never knew a man so ingenious in lying as this," observed the Cardinal Vivian, after a conversation with Henry II.

This character of deep dissimulation was not inconsistent with a mind subject to sudden transports of passion. He who hesitated to obey his will, or who dared to act contrary to his wishes, was marked for destruction, and hunted down with a fierce instinct of vengeance. One day, Hommet, a favourite of his, had undertaken

to defend the Scotch king, of whose conduct Henry thought that he had some reason to complain: the English monarch called him "Traitor," drew his sword, and ripped his dress in pieces.

Everybody knows the history of Thomas à Becket, that intrepid defender of the rights of the Church, that glorious martyr of the Catholic Church. It is generally known how pitilessly he was persecuted by the hatred of Henry. The king did not give positive orders for his death; but his murder was not the less a criminal act of those knights (unworthy of the name) who chanced to hear words of hatred uttered by the royal lips in the frenzy of his anger against Thomas à Becket. "Amongst all the dastards who eat at my table, is there not one who will deliver me from this quarrelsome priest?" These words were understood as a sentence of death against the Archbishop of Canterbury. The public penance of the king, after the commission of this great crime, gave

rise to a belief in his repentance, and saved him from the thunders of the Holy See.

As it is not our intention to represent here the reign of Henry II., but only to give some information concerning the family of Plantagenet, we will not enlarge further on this subject.

Five sons and three daughters were the issue of the marriage of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine; viz., William, Henry, Richard, Geoffrey, and John; Maude, Eleanor, and Jane. William died unmarried.

Henry married Marguerite of France, daughter of Louis VII., who brought him, in dowry, the castles of Nauffles, Gisors, and Neufchatel.

Richard, at first affianced to Adelais, another daughter of Louis VII., married, as we shall shortly see, Berengaria of Navarre.

Geoffrey, by his marriage with Constance, of Bretagne, became master of that province; and John, who succeeded Richard

on the throne of England, had for his wife Isabella of Angoulême.

Maude united her lot with Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxe, and had a son, Otho, Emperor of Germany, who was vanquished by Philip Augustus at the battle of Bouvines.

Eleanor was married to Alphonso, King of Castile, and gave birth to the Princess Blanche, for whom God reserved the glory of bestowing on France a great king, and on the Church a great saint.

Jane married William II., King of Sicily, and died childless: she was the youngest of the three sisters.

William and Henry died before the king, their father, and Richard became heir presumptive to the throne of England; he bore in succession the titles of Count of Anjou and Duke of Aquitaine.

The formidable conspiracy which broke out against Henry II. (from A.D. 1173 to 1175), is one of the strongest evidences of the spirit of passion and of the hereditary

insubordination of the family of Plantagenet. The three brothers who revolted, Henry, Richard, and Geoffrey, found powerful aid in the English and Norman barons, who were irritated against Henry because he had despoiled them of numerous privileges, and who therefore were anxious to hurl from the throne the absolute master of so much territory. On the other side, Louis VII., the sworn enemy of the King of England, eagerly seized this opportunity of recommencing those wars that cost the two realms so much life and treasure.

The able and courageous English monarch triumphed over all these obstacles. He shut up in close confinement (from which she was not delivered until after his death), his wife Eleanor, whom he accused, not without reason, of being the heart and soul of this parricidal war.

At the head of 20,000 adventurers, accustomed to sell their services to the highest bidder, Henry II. trampled into dust the

confederation which menaced his throne and life. He pardoned his sons, and forgave the crime of their rebellion, which, nevertheless, they renewed nine years after, though in a less formidable guise.

To his last hour, Prince Henry was tortured with remorse, and expressed a desire to see his father and obtain his pardon a second time. The king, moved by the supplications of his dying son, would have granted his prayer, but his friends, fearing some evil design, kept him in his palace; taking, however, a ring from his finger, he charged the Bishop of Bordeaux to carry it to the prince, as the earnest of his love and of his pardon. The youthful Henry pressed the ring to his lips, and expired whilst imploring the mercy of his God.

Many years had elapsed since Adelaïs of France had been espoused to Richard and confided to the care of his father. Henry retained the young princess in one of his castles, and did not allow his son to see her. In spite of the remonstrances of Philip

Augustus and the Pope, the daughter of Louis VII. remained in prison until the death of the king. This unjust imprisonment of Adelais drew Philip Augustus and Richard together by a common indignation. The former of these princes took offence as a brother, the latter was incensed against Henry as the lover of Adelais.

After a peace concluded between Henry and Philip, Richard made a somewhat long sojourn at the court of France. Philip and Richard ate at the same table and from the same dish. At night they slept in the same bed. "The King of France loved Richard as his own soul," says the old chronicle.

This intimacy alarmed Henry, who ordered his son to return to his province of Anjou, whither he repaired at once. *He was informed, shortly after,* that his father cherished the idea of leaving his crown to John Lackland, in prejudice of his own right; and he thereupon loudly proclaimed his grievances.

In a conference held in A.D. 1188 between

Philip, Henry, and Richard, the King of France proposed as a basis of peace that Adelaïs should marry the heir presumptive to the throne of England, and that the vassals of Henry should swear fidelity to Richard, who affirmed that his right to the crown was established by the order of his birth ; but he demanded, nevertheless, that it should be confirmed on the instant by his father. Henry made only an evasive answer to these demands. Then falling at the feet of Philip, and giving him his sword, the indignant young prince cried out, " To you, sire, I entrust the protection of my rights ; I do you homage for all my father's domains in France. I am compelled to believe," he added, turning towards Henry II., " that which seemed to me impossible."

Philip Augustus kindly raised Richard from his knees and embraced him ; he told him that he accepted him as his liege subject, and that he restored him all the castles that he had taken from his father

during the late war. Henry quitted the conference with precipitation.

The war recommenced between the King of France and the King of England. Richard and his barons appeared in arms against Henry. The English king, beaten at Mans, at Amboise, at Tours, could no longer continue the struggle. The two kings once again held a conference on horseback at a spot not far from Tours. At the moment when they were discussing the articles of a treaty they were about to conclude, a loud crash of thunder caused Henry to spring on his palfrey. He received so profound a shock from this circumstance that all his strength seemed to leave him. He submitted in that state to all the conditions that his enemies chose to impose upon him.

On his demand they presented to him a list containing the names of the barons who had fought in the army of the King of France. There he saw the name of John Lackland, the son on whom he

seemed to have placed all his affections. He read no more, but returned the paper, and with a broken heart betook himself to Chinon, where he died a short time after (A.D. 1183), whilst imprecating in a burning fever the curse of Heaven on his children.

He was buried in the famous abbey of Fontevraud, in the presence of Richard, a few knights, and some ministers of religion. Richard wept bitterly for his father; he openly accused himself of having been the cause of his death, through the grief his own undutiful conduct had occasioned. This was the remorse of his whole life. So difficult is it to drive from our thoughts the remembrance of criminal rebellion against a father's authority! Nothing in the world can justify it. But history places beyond doubt the sincerity of Richard's repentance.

CHAPTER II.

First Acts of Richard—He receives at Rouen the Sword which constituted him Duke of Normandy—His Passage to England—His Coronation—Excesses and Cruelties practised on the Jews—A short Account of the Jews.

RICHARD, whose intrepidity in battle, boldness, and lofty character had gained him from his youth the surname of Cœur-de-Lion (Lion-hearted), was thirty-two years old when he came to the crown of England.

He commenced his reign by certain acts which merit the eulogium of the historian. He restored his mother to liberty, who for sixteen years had languished in prison, where she had been confined by Henry II. He drove from his presence and favour those persons who had been concerned with

him in the revolt against his father, and filled their places with the faithful servants of the late king. He declared that those who had incited him to make war on his father could not have his confidence. This was an excellent lesson to teach to traitors.

Richard, who had so gravely failed in his duty to his father, Henry II., treated his mother, Eleanor, all his life with the greatest affection, and with the reverence and regard of a good son. A very lively tenderness of affection constantly united this prince to his mother. We shall shortly find that Eleanor made great efforts to obtain the release of her son from his captivity in Austria.

We will notice here a prophecy which the chronicler applied to Eleanor of Aquitaine : "The eagle of the severed alliance will be gladdened by her third brood." "The eagle," says the monk of St. Alban's, "represents the queen, because, like an eagle, she stretches her wings over

the two realms of England and France." Next follows a comparison between "the eagle," known for its rapacity, and "that renowned beauty, who won over to herself the affections and sympathy of men." The words "severed alliance" refer to Eleanor's divorce from the King of France, and her marriage with Henry II.; and the words "will be gladdened by her third brood" refer to her third son, Richard, who was the delight of his mother, from having delivered her from the horrors of a long imprisonment.

On leaving Fontevraud, where he had deposited the mortal remains of his father, Richard proceeded to Rouen, where he received from the hands of the archbishop, in the church of that city, in the presence of the clergy, the counts, the barons, and knights, the sword which constituted him Duke of Normandy, a title which the descendants of William the Conqueror always challenged with spirit.

The king descended the Seine as far as

Havre. In the month of August, 1189, he landed at Portsmouth, where he was received with the acclamations of the inhabitants. "Miraculous event!" they cried, "the sun is set, and yet the night has not come." These words express the same idea as the old saying in France when the king was dead: "The king is dead; long live the king." Henry II. had ceased to breathe, but his son succeeded to the throne, and filled it in his stead, and nothing seemed changed in the realm.

The coronation of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was celebrated with great pomp in the cathedral church of Westminster, in the month of September, 1189. The bishops of England and Normandy, the abbés, and the clergy, in their sacerdotal robes, went in procession to the apartments where the king, surrounded by his nobility, was waiting. Six barons carried a table of marquetry, on which were placed the ensigns of royalty. The Earl of Chester held in

his hands a brilliant coronet. Four barons supported a canopy embroidered with gold and silk, under which Richard was seated. On the right and left hand of the king two bishops walked, carrying a mitre and a crosier. The *cortège* made their way to the church. When he came to the high altar, Richard laid his hand on the Holy Gospels, and swore to be "faithful to God and to His Church." He promised "to render equal justice to the people who were entrusted to his care, and to reform bad customs, wherever any such existed in England."

Stripped thereupon of his dress, except his drawers and his shirt, Richard put on his sandals embroidered with gold. Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of England, consecrated the king by pouring holy oil upon his head, his shoulder, and right arm. The prince was then clothed in a tunic, a dalmatic, and the royal mantle.

On putting into the hand of Richard

the sword which was so serviceable in repressing the enemies of the Church, the archbishop addressed him in a discourse, and said that "he forbad him to accept the crown if he did not cherish the firm resolution to keep the oath which he was going to take in the face of Heaven and earth." "I will observe it with good faith, by the aid of God," answered Richard.

The crown was upon the altar, from which a baron took it and delivered it to the king. He in his turn handed it to the officiating archbishop, who put it on the head of the monarch. The prelate placed the sceptre in the right hand of the successor of Henry II., and in his left the royal rod. Thus crowned, Richard sat on a throne of gold, and the mass was said. After the holy sacrifice, the royal *cortége* returned to the palace of Westminster, where, "at a splendid banquet, the wine, poured out in profusion, inundated the walls and the pavement."

One thing is worthy of remark in the ceremony of this coronation ; viz., the oath which Richard took "to be faithful to God and His Church, and to render equal justice to the people."

At this time, 1189, the Magna Charta, which was the foundation of all the liberties of old England, and which the kings of this country swore to observe, was not in existence. It was not granted till the reign of John Lackland. A charter of Henry I., son of William the Conqueror, had lain hidden amongst the archives, and it was only discovered in 1211. But in the time of Richard it was not in force ; it is even very doubtful whether any one knew of its existence. In 1189 the new king did not establish any constitutive law.

Nevertheless he took an oath in the presence of God and men to govern his kingdom with equity. Who, then, imposed on this monarch with the heart of a lion that solemn engagement ? Religion, in the

person of the Archbishop of Canterbury! In the old times the lowly and the poor were not always mercifully treated by the wealthy and the powerful of the earth ; and religion, like a kind and tender mother, took them under the shelter of her wings.

Grievous excesses were practised against the Jews on the occasion of the coronation of Richard. In the middle ages, we know, the Children of Israel were subject to general contempt. In the opinion of those times their presence polluted the holy places where they showed themselves ; and they were forbidden to enter the churches of Christian people. They had been warned not to appear at the ceremony of the coronation of Richard, because people were afraid of the magical arts in which they were supposed to engage on occasions of that kind. But as they had acquired a habit of doing what was forbidden them, they glided into the church among the crowd.

The people about the king recognized them by their leathern girdles and their

dirty beards, and hunted them from the church with blows of their cudgels. The populace of London then attacked them, and spilt their blood in torrents. They pillaged and burned their houses. Richard, whom historians have wrongfully accused of having given full permission to this persecution, hanged on the morrow some of the Christians who had excited and directed the slaughter. But the signal had been given ; the robber and the assassin came forth to the light in every city in England, wherever a Jew could be found.

Placed face to face with a sure and ignominious death, the Jews of York, to the number of 500, without counting the women and children, shut themselves up in the castle of that city, and formed the resolution of taking each other's lives. "Children of Israel," said an old Rabbin, addressing them, "it is better to die for our law than to fall into the hands of our enemies. Our law gives its consent to the deed !" Armed with knives and razors,

the heads of their families then began to cut the throats of their children, and cast their bleeding carcasses on the heads of the Christians who were bellowing at the foot of the walls of the castle. Then the Jews set fire to the edifice, and all perished in the midst of the flames and the burning mass.

Did the Rabbin who counselled this terrible determination remember at that moment the tragical end of the Jews of Massada, attacked by the Romans in the 71st year of the Christian era? One might so suppose, so much do these dreadful dramas resemble each other !

Preferring death to slavery and the dishonour of their wives and their daughters, the Jews of Massada resolved to find their tombs in the ruins of the beleaguered citadel. They drew lots to determine who should fill the office of executioner. Ten of them were separated to perform this horrible deed, and they commenced the destruction of their companions. When

they alone remained alive in the midst of the carnage, one was chosen by lot from the ten to be the executioner of the remainder who had determined to die. When the nine had been immolated, the single survivor of this massacre set on fire the combustibles around him, threw himself on the burning mass, and then stabbed himself to the heart. After this manner 960 Jews perished. Two women and five children saved themselves from this catastrophe by hiding in an aqueduct, and they related to the Romans how miserably the defenders of Massada had perished. These horrible scenes, which reveal the indomitable characters of those who suffered, are perhaps only described in the history of the Jewish nation.

We must pay some attention now to our previous history, and explain how the Crusade was brought about, and in what manner the greatest event of his reign affected Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

CHAPTER III.

Preparations for the Third Crusade.

THE news of the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin, in A.D. 1187, eighty-eight years after the taking of that city by Godfrey of Bouillon, had rung through Europe like the prolonged echo of a violent thunder-clap. The Pope, Urban III., had died of grief in consequence of it. In the belief of Western Europe the possession of Jerusalem formed the very safeguard of Christianity, and subserved the glory of God Himself; and the certainty that the Holy City had ceased to belong to the Christians produced a consternation in Europe equal to that which seizes a nation labouring under the greatest public calamity. Priests carried

about pictures representing the holy sepulchre defiled by the tread of horses, and Jesus Christ thrown to the ground by Mahomet; they went about from city to city, from village to village; they groaned and wept at the loss of Jerusalem. In their songs they deplored with sorrow the captivity of Guy of Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, taken prisoner by Saladin at the battle of Tiberias, an event which was the signal for the destruction of all the Christian cities in the East. Sinister omens had announced to the world this great calamity. The same day that the Saracens entered the Holy City the monks of Argenteuil saw the moon descend from heaven to earth, and then climb up again into its place in the sky;—blood had trickled from the crucifixes, and from the images of the saints;—a knight saw in a dream an eagle flying over an army with seven javelins in his talons, and heard that cry of terror which was formerly uttered in the temple of Jehovah, at the instant of the destruction

of the city of David by Titus—"Woe to thee, Jerusalem!"

The Christian populations of the 12th century seemed to have a presentiment of the disastrous consequences which the total annihilation of the Frank realm, founded at Jerusalem in 1099, foreboded to the world. May it not be allowed one to believe that the preservation of a Christian realm in the heart of Islamism would in the end have rolled back into the depths of the desert the power of the Mahometans, whose successive advances at a later period introduced the Turks to the borders of the Bosphorus, whence they menaced the whole of Europe? May not one believe that Christian states, established in some durable form on the Asiatic seaboard, would have stopped the growth of Mahometanism in Palestine, in Syria, in Asia Minor, and at Constantinople, and that we should have been thus delivered from the nightmare of that great Eastern question which has already

cost Europe so much blood and treasure?

But let us resume our history of those ancient centuries which one is sometimes enticed to connect with more recent times.

Between Trie Château and Gisors, but at a point much nearer to the latter town, there grew, in the 12th century, an immense tree, which had already at this date given its shade to many generations. It was an elm: its size was so prodigious that eight men could with difficulty span its circumference. Its branches, supported by props and stays, extended so far that they covered a space of many acres. Some thousands of persons sheltered themselves under this spreading tree from the heat of the sun or the discomfort of the rain.

The King of England, Henry II., had caused this giant tree to be riveted with iron; and to this day the spot where it grew is known amongst the people of the country by the name of

“the field of the riveted elm.” This name is also found in the “Register.” Philip Augustus caused this tree to be felled on the occasion of a quarrel between the English and the French. In the old times people called it “the Elm of the Conferences,” because it often served as the place of meeting to the kings of France and England.

It was under this monumental elm there met, in the commencement of the year 1188, Henry II., Philip Augustus, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and all the most illustrious of the English and French nobility. There one might have seen amongst the chief bishops of either realm such men as Philip, Count de Flandre ; Hugh, Duke of Burgundy ; Henry, Count de Champagne, who was one day to bear the title of King of Jerusalem ; Thibault, Count de Blois ; Rotrou, Count de Perche ; the Counts de Soissons, de Nevers, de Bar, de Vendôme, Matthew de Montmorency, that great French name, which we so often meet with

in the history of France. A crowd of simple burgesses and peasants assisted also at this great muster, the remembrance of which remains in the memory of the people of that part of Normandy.

At the command of Pope Clement III., who, on succeeding to the Papal chair, ordered the faithful to pray for the peace of the West, and the deliverance of the Holy Land from the infidel, Henry II. and Philip Augustus, busied just then in an armed dispute about the territory of the Norman Vexin, had suspended their hostilities to take counsel on the important affairs of Palestine, and had chosen "the Elm of the Conferences" for the place of their meeting.

Into the midst of this imposing assembly came an aged man with a bald head, and a form emaciated by the fatigues of a long travel, by sorrow, penance, and vigils. His snowy beard, which set off his sunburnt complexion, his black dress, the cross of wood which he carried on his breast, the

leathern sandals which protected his bruised feet, the pilgrim's staff which he held in his hand, everything about the stranger inspired holy respect. All heads bent low at his approach. He was William, Archbishop of Tyre, renowned for his science, his eloquence, and, more than all, for his lofty virtues.

After the fall of Jerusalem, William de Tyre had quitted Syria, and had travelled into the Western countries to implore the aid of their sovereigns against the infidels, who had made themselves masters of the city of Jerusalem—the city of Jesus Christ. On passing through Rome he had received from Clement III. the title and authority of Legate of the Holy See, and at the same time a commission to preach the crusade.

William de Tyre having placed himself on an elevation of the ground, under the shadow of the great elm, by a motion of his hand announced that he wished to be heard: he then read in a loud voice, in the midst of a religious silence, an account

of the capture of the city of Jerusalem by Saladin. When he had read this account, which drew tears from all his hearers, the venerable prelate expressed himself in these terms:—"The mountain of Zion re-echoes again these words of the prophet Ezekiel, 'O Son of Man, remember the day when the King of Babylon triumphed over Jerusalem!' In one single day have come on the city of Solomon, and of David, all the evils which the prophets have prophesied against it. This city, filled with Christian people, has been captured, and is no longer inhabited but by a sacrilegious race. The Queen of Nations, the capital of so many provinces, pays the tribute imposed on slaves. All her gates are broken open and her protectors exposed with the common herd in the markets of the unbelievers. The Christian states of the East, which made the religion of Christ glorious and flourishing in Asia, and protected the West from the inroads of the Saracens (there is the idea which I just now pointed out), are

reduced to the city of Tyre, and to those of Antioch and Tripoli. I have seen, according to the saying of Isaiah, 'the Lord stretching out His hand and His plagues from the river Euphrates to the torrent of Egypt.' The inhabitants of forty cities have been chased from their dwellings, and despoiled of their possessions; they wander with their families amongst the people of Asia, and find no stone on which they may rest their heads." (Then the pious orator made an allusion to the wars and quarrels between Henry and Philip Augustus, which had scarcely ceased.) "To come to you," he said, "I have traversed fields of carnage. At my very approach to this meeting, I have seen the display of the cruel apparatus of war. What blood are you going to shed? Why these swords with which you are armed? You fight here for the banks of a stream, for the boundaries of a province, for a passing renown, while the infidels trample upon the borders of Siloam and usurp the

realm of God, and drag the cross of Jesus Christ ignominiously through the streets of Bagdad! You are pouring out rivers of blood, while they outrage the Gospel of Christ—that solemn covenant between God and man! Have you forgotten that which your fathers achieved? A Christian kingdom has been founded by them in the heart of a Mahometan nation. A host of heroes, a host of princes, born in your country, have gone to govern and defend it. If you have left their works to perish, go, at least, and endeavour to wrest their tombs from the power of the Saracens! This Europe of which you boast, is she not the mother of such warriors as Godfrey, and Tancred, and their companions in renown? The saints and the prophets buried in Jerusalem, the churches converted into mosques, the very stones of the sepulchres,—all cry aloud to you to avenge the fading glory of your Lord, and the death of your brethren in arms. But what do I say? the blood of Naboth, the blood of

Abel, which rose up to heaven, has found an avenger; but the blood of Jesus Christ rises up in vain against His enemies and His persecutors."

"The Crusade! the Crusade!" cried out in one moment innumerable voices; "the Crusade—the Crusade! God wills it! God wills it! War to the infidels! War to the polluters of the holy places!"

His hand on his sword, Richard, who had already received at Tours the sign of a crusader, when he was apprised of the fall of Jerusalem, burned with indignation against the Mussulmans guilty of such crimes, and swore a second time to cross the seas and bring them to punishment.

Henry and Philip Augustus, for so long a time enemies, wept and embraced each other, and received the token of the Crusade from the hands of William of Tyre, who rejoiced greatly, in his pious warmth, at the success of his beautiful and touching words.

All his hearers engaged themselves to

the Crusade. It was agreed that the colours of the French cross should be red, that of the English white, that of the Flemish green. The place where the faithful had come together was called "the Consecrated Field." They built a church there to preserve the remembrance of that great Christian resolution. There remain no traces of this monument ; but the oldest of the country people remember having seen in the field of "the Riveted Elm" a very ancient stone cross, which disappeared in the Revolution of 1793.

The enthusiasm of the Crusade overspread the whole continent of Europe. In France, and in England, the people sang the following somewhat doggerel verses, composed by a clergyman of Orleans :—

The Cross of the Lord
Is our banner and our sword.

[brave,
Forth let us march to Tyre, where rendezvous the
And win the renown of chivalry, which they so
vainly crave ;
Who combat here against their brethren, seeking
an unhonoured grave.

Courage, and strength, and hardness to endure
Are asked of those who fight beneath the Cross ;
The humble, prayerful, merciful, and pure,
And those who count their lives a daily loss,
Fight valiantly the battles of their Lord,
Distrusting every help save His good Word.

Faith is sufficient here : [dear.
Faith that would all things win, counts nothing

Christ's body victual is, enough for all ;
Who trust His grace may on His mercy call.

He died for all, that all through Him might live ;
He bore all sins, that God might all forgive.

Sinner ! if you would not die for Him who died for
you,
You defraud your God of that which He claims as
His due !

Hear, then, the advice I give !
Assume the cross, and live !
Vow your obedience to Christ, and cry,
" He died for me, and so for Him will I."

The banner of our chief is the cross of the Lord ;
And our army shall conquer in His name and by
His sword.

Then was established that famous tax
which, under the name of "*the Tythe of
Saladin*," indicates the end for which it

was destined. How sad to think that the first sum of money produced by this tax was squandered on that infamous war between Philip Augustus and Henry, who obstinately refused to restore Adelaïs, the betrothed of his son Richard.—(*Note 1.*)

No sooner did Richard come to the crown than he began to make his preparations for the Holy War. .

CHAPTER IV.

Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury—He preaches the Crusade in England—His Voyage to Syria—His Death, A.D. 1189.

BALDWIN, Archbishop of Canterbury, preached the Crusade in England, and he was accompanied by his chaplain, Giraud le Gallois, who has left an interesting account of the travels of that prelate in the Welsh counties. Giraud has drawn a curious portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was of a brown complexion, simple and becoming exterior, of middle size, and well-proportioned. He was unassuming and sober, and of such great moderation in all things that malice never dared to allege anything shameful against him. He was a man of few words,

rarely put out of temper, and seemed always master of his passions. Baldwin applied himself from infancy to the study of letters; accustomed at an early age to bear the yoke of a master, he appeared before the world as a model of morality and good conduct.

Renouncing the honours of the Church, and disdaining the vanities of the world, he adopted at first the habit of the Order of Citeaux. His exemplary piety having made him remarkable among the monks of his Order, he arrived at the dignity of an abbot at the end of three years. Later he rose, almost in spite of himself, to the honours of the episcopate.

“But,” adds the chronicler, “as nature, according to the saying of Cicero, produces nothing perfect, even in simple species, Baldwin preserved that forbearance of character in his lofty position which he had always shown when he was but an obscure monk. He was more like a tender mother than a stern father, who

knows how and when to correct his children."

It was piteous to see Baldwin wanting in firmness. His character appears better as a monk than an abbot, better as a bishop than an archbishop. "Thus," says Giraud le Gallois, "in the end, the Pope Urban, writing to him one day, commenced his letter after this manner: 'Urban, the servant of the servants of God, to the very zealous monk, to the fervent abbot, to the lukewarm bishop, to the indolent archbishop, greeting.'"

Giraud does not tell us on what facts he grounds his judgment of the infirmity of Baldwin's character. We can discover nothing that shows his weakness in the old books which we have consulted; on the contrary, we find the archbishop showing considerable energy of character under many trying circumstances.

We know already how full of dignity and firmness was his attitude on the occasion of the consecration of Richard. John Lack-

land having married the daughter of the Earl of Gloucester, notwithstanding the canon law which forbade marriage with a relative within the third degree of affinity, Baldwin placed under interdict the territories of Richard's younger brother. Without caring to draw upon himself the ill-will of his haughty monarch, Baldwin knew well how to call to a sense of his duty his suffragan, Hugh, Bishop of Durham, who, puffed up with a vain desire of the things of this world, bought from the king the domain of Sedgfield, in the county of Northumberland, which gave him a right to bear the title of earl. When Richard girded him with the sword, in token of his new dignity, he said with a smile, "Of an old bishop I make a young earl."

By pouring 2,000 marks into the royal purse, the Bishop of Durham obtained a dispensation from journeying into the Holy Land, and the office of Justiciary of England. For all these reasons Baldwin launched against his suffragan a sentence

which suspended him from his functions of holy ministration. It was only after the solemn promise of Hugh to place in the hands of the king his resignation of the title of earl that the Archbishop of Canterbury took off the interdict which oppressed him.

In the number of English and French prelates who followed the armies of Richard and Philip Augustus into the East, Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, was the only one who at St. Jean d'Acre opposed the scandalous marriage between Conrad de Montferrat, Marquis of Tyre, and Isabella, wife of Honfroy de Thoron. It seems to me that these are not the acts of a lukewarm bishop, nor an indolent archbishop; but perhaps we do not know all the history of these things.

Nothing can give us a more exact idea of the manners and character of the inhabitants of the Pays de Galles in the 12th century than the details which abound in the relations of the chaplain and arch-deacon Giraud le Gallois.

From the heights of their abrupt and precipitous mountains the Gallois ran in crowds to hear the voice of a prelate who exhorted them to take arms for the defence of Jerusalem. It was in the middle of a field, amongst labouring men and shepherds, that the archbishop in his address painted the distress of the Holy Land. He bestowed the cross upon a great number of peasants, who came to him almost naked, because their wives had hidden their clothes, in order to hinder them from going to enrol themselves amongst the host of the Crusaders.

But one mother manifested a very different disposition. "I give Thee thanks, O Lord Jesus," she cried, on seeing her only son ready to set out for the Holy Land, "I give Thee thanks that Thou hast given me a son whom Thou deemest worthy to serve Thee."

One woman had torn her husband from the feet of the archbishop, who was going to present him with the cross of a crusader.

The following night she heard in a dream a terrible voice that cried out to her, " You have robbed Me of a servant ; he whom you love the most shall likewise be taken from you." When she awoke, she started and was seized with fear, and found her little infant dead at her side, whom she herself had smothered in her sleep.

She considered this calamity as the punishment of Heaven, and seizing a cross she fastened it to the shoulder of her husband, and bade him go and take his place amongst the soldiers of Jesus Christ.

They regarded Baldwin as a saint, as the envoy of God. The dust which his feet pressed cured the sick. One old woman, blind for three years, sent her son after Baldwin, that he might obtain a piece of the robe of the holy prelate. The young man, who was not able to force his way through the crowd that surrounded the archbishop, took his mother a clod of earth on which the feet of the preacher had

trodden. "The blind woman," says the chronicler, "applied this clod of earth to her mouth and eyes, and at once recovered her sight."

Owen de Cevethlok, the single Prince of the Pays de Galles, whom, on his refusal to take up the cross of the Crusaders, Baldwin excommunicated, had foully murdered his cousin Owen, the son of Madoc. This latter had a faithful squire, who was invited to join the Crusade. "I will not join," he answered, brandishing his lance, "until I have avenged the murder of my master." His weapon fell from his hand, and was broken in two on the ground. Terrified at this presage, the squire regarded it as an admonition from heaven, and took upon him the vows of a crusader.

Another chronicler, Roger Hoveden, speaks of a strange young woman, who knew the secrets of the devil. In a mysterious interview with the prince of the regions of darkness, this sorceress, as we read in the ancient accounts of the moun-

tains of Carmarthen, where tradition gives us to understand the enchanter Merlin had his dwelling, was apprised that the holy expedition which was in preparation, filled the devil and his angels with rage and fury. "Since Jesus Christ vanquished the powers of hell," said this Welsh pythoress, "the world of darkness has not had greater cause for mourning and lamentation than in this enterprise of the Crusade ; but," she added, "this sorrow will turn into joy, for the great majority of the crusaders have perpetrated such wickedness and enormities that the Lord Jesus Christ has blotted their names out of the Book of Life."

She announced the unsuccessful issue of the Crusade; "and the event," Roger Hoveden observes, "has proved the truth of her predictions."

While all English people talked of nothing but the loss of Jerusalem, and all active minds were busy in preparation for the Crusade, a celestial appearance, of

which the chroniclers talked much, struck the imaginations of men with lively force. Near London, people saw in the air at full mid-day a cross of extraordinary whiteness, on which there appeared a man crucified. The phenomenon disappeared gradually, and left a long trail of light behind it.

If a poet undertook to relate the exploits of Richard in Palestine,—the great stir and commotion of the country that were introduced by the preaching of the Crusade,—the captivity of the king in Germany,—his death under the walls of the castle of Chaluz,—marvels would not be wanting to the epic strain. The relations of contemporary historians would supply him with matter. It is an epic poem throughout.

In all the provinces that Baldwin traversed, enthusiasm for the Crusade depopulated the countries. The inhabitants asked not who had taken upon themselves the vows of the Crusader, but who had not taken them. A spindle and distaff were

presented to those who refused to arm in the holy cause, as if they had need to be ashamed of themselves.

Impatient himself to land on that blessed soil, towards which his ardent prayers would have incited the whole of Europe, Baldwin preceded the army of Richard on the road to the East ; he embarked at Marseilles, in the month of August, 1190, and touched at the port of Tyre, after a tedious passage.

He directed his course towards St. Jean d'Acre, which had recently fallen into the hands of the Saracens. Around it was encamped a Christian army, commanded by Guy de Lusignan.

Baldwin was now advanced in years. His numerous journeys in the counties of England to preach God's Holy Word, the fatigues of long sea voyages, the deep emotions of a soul ardently devoted to a cause which then moved Christianity to its depths, each helped to exhaust the little remainder of strength that was left to the

pious old man. Illness seized him on his arrival at Acre, where, under a tent set up not far from the walls of that town, he died, filled with bitter regret at not having been able to visit the city of David and of Christ—that holy Jerusalem, whose name was so often on his lips in his prayers and preachings for the Crusade. But the cross, that grand consolation of the afflicted, that symbol of hope and salvation, which Baldwin in death held to his heart, gave him, without doubt, faith to enter through Christ the heavenly Jerusalem, promised to all those who take God's word for their guide and support in their brief pilgrimage here below.

CHAPTER V.

Richard sells many of the Crown Lands and the highest Offices of the State—His Exactions in the Collection of the Saladin Tenth—Embassage of Philip Augustus to Richard—Capitular and Military Regulations—Interview between the two Kings at Nonancourt and at Vezelai.—The two Monarchs take leave of each other at Lyons—History of Richard's Journey from Lyons to Marseilles, A.D. 1189-1190.

RICHARD used to say that he would have "sold the city of London if he could have found purchasers," in his aim to procure money and means for the expenses of his expedition into the East. He alienated many of the crown lands, and put up to auction the highest dignities of the State; and buyers were not wanting.

The Saladin Tythe was collected without pity or mercy. Under the title of alms, it included a spirit of exaction and rapacity which alarmed the people and the clergy. Those who refused payment were thrown into prison, and kept there until they had paid their last shilling.

Richard pretended that he had lost the Great Seal, and gave orders that another should be made. Notification was published that whoever desired to have good security for the property he held by charter (a sort of royal grant) must show his title as soon as possible, that the new seal might be applied. Threatened with complete ruin, the owners of property entered into a composition with the king. Like exactions would have sufficed to condemn any ordinary war, and to estrange the affections of the people; but the Crusades were not the deed of one man, who was the preacher or chief of the nation; the Crusades were the religious explosion of the enthusiasm of a whole people during a

long period, and the rigours of fiscal injustice were not able to arrest this enthusiasm.

Before leaving England, Richard committed the government of the kingdom to William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely. Raised to the dignity of Chancellor and Grand Justiciary of England by the king, Longchamp was *invested with almost sovereign power*. In a letter addressed to all his loyal subjects Richard says: "We command and enjoin you, if you love us and our realm, and if you hold dear yourselves and what you possess, to obey in all things our trusty and dearly-beloved Chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, and to act towards him in the same manner as you would act towards ourselves if we were present in the realm, in everything which he may command in our name." We shall see later how William Longchamp used the prerogatives which the king placed in his hands.

In the month of October, in the year 1189, an embassy, at the head of which

we find Rotrou, Count de Perche, who had been present at the meeting of "the consecrated field," came to London to announce to Richard that in a general assembly held at Paris, Philip Augustus had decided to begin his march to the East on the following Easter-day. The French king commissioned him to say to the King of England that "he, with his army, would wait for him at Vezelai," a town of Nivernais, where, fifty years before, Pope Eugenius III. had presided at a council held for the purpose of taking into consideration the means of recovering the Holy Land from the infidel. Richard at the head of his barons promised to be punctual at the rendezvous.

At a meeting of the barons of England and Normandy, at which the King of England was present, the statutes we have indicated below were determined upon. They assist us in understanding the customs of Great Britain in the Middle Ages.

"Ecclesiastical indulgences were accorded to all those who joined the Crusade.

No one could obtain a dispensation from joining the holy expedition but by giving the tenth part of his annual income. All swearing was forbidden to the soldiers of the Cross. They might have only two dishes on their table at the same time. They were separated from women, and might have no communication with any, save those who washed their linen, who could occasion no distrust for the soldiers of the Crusade. All games of chance were proscribed. The debts of those who joined the Crusade were to run on without interest during the period that the expedition lasted ; or if the interest was paid, it was to be counted towards the payment of the capital sum."

A rule of discipline enacted by Richard, and applied to the fleet, which was on the point of setting out for the East, shows in its curtness all the barbarous justice of the age. "He who should kill a man on board ship was to be bound to the corpse and thrown into the sea. If

one man killed another on land, after the same fashion, he was bound to the corpse and buried with it alive. A sailor, if proved to have drawn his knife to stab another, was condemned to have his hand cut off. If one had struck another, so as to draw blood, he was plunged three times into the sea. If any sailor insulted his fellow, and cursed him, he was sentenced to pay as many ounces of gold as he had renewed his assault. Any man proved guilty of theft was shorn like a serf; boiling pitch was poured upon his head, which was then covered with the soft down of feathers. In that state he was landed on the first coast at which the vessel touched." These terrible punishments could not always prevent disorders; violent quarrels frequently broke out during the voyage.

Two months after the arrival of the Count de Perche in England, Richard and Philip Augustus met at Nonancourt. These monarchs signed an agreement of alliance couched in these words:—"I, Philip,

King of France, will keep good faith with Richard, King of England, my trusty and well-beloved friend, for his life ; and I, Richard, King of England, will pledge my faith to the King of France for his life as to my suzerain and friend.

“Each will bring aid to the other, if need be, for the defence of his kingdom and possessions ; and each will defend his own proper rights and maintain them intact.”

The counts and barons of the two realms who were present at this interview swore that they would not depart from their allegiance promised to the two kings. The prelates affirmed that they would excommunicate the transgressors of this compact, whatever might be their rank.

It was the first time that a king of France and a king of England had fought under the same colours.

“But this harmony, the effect of extraordinary circumstances, could not last long between two princes who had so many

subjects of rivalry. The two were young, ardent, brave, magnificent : Philip, the greater king, Richard, the greater captain ; both felt the same ambition, both had the same passion for glory. A thirst for renown, far more than a love of piety and of God's cause, attracted them to the Holy Land. Each overflowing with arrogance, and prompt to avenge an affront, they recognized in their differences no arbiter but the sword ; religion had not sufficient sway over their souls to subdue their pride ; and each of them would have thought that he was lowering his own dignity if he asked for or accepted terms of peace.

“If one was asked what hope one might repose on the seeming union of these two princes, one might answer that Philip, on coming to the throne of France, had shown himself a most determined enemy of England ; and that Richard was the son of that Eleanor of Guienne, the first wife of Louis VII., who, after the

second Crusade, had been divorced from her husband, and through her second husband menaced France."

Richard went to receive the pilgrim's staff and scrip in the church of St. Martin at Tours; Philip Augustus had already received these tokens of his pilgrimage in the abbey of St. Denis.

In the month of June, in the year 1190, Richard and Philip came to Vezelai with their respective forces. Then, at another convention, they signed an agreement that "neither of them should undertake any other warlike enterprise during the continuance of the Crusade in which they had joined their forces, either in the dominions of the King of France or in those of the King of England"; and this solemn treaty and engagement was ratified by the two monarchs.

They immediately made their way to Lyons, passing St. Leonard de Corbigny, Moulin-en-Gilbert, Toulon-sur-Arroux, Sainte Marie les Bois, Belleville

and Villefranche. Appointing their rendezvous in Sicily, the crusading kings separated at Lyons.

Richard proceeded towards Marseilles ; Philip Augustus took the road to Genoa, where the vessels were waiting to transport his army to Messina.

On leaving Lyons Richard followed the left bank of the Rhone, whose borders in the 12th century bristled with lofty castles, the spacious and picturesque ruins of which are to be seen at this day.

The King of England and his land forces, which did not amount to more than 6,000 men, traversed Auberive, St. Bernard de Roman, Valence, Loriol, Valdreas, St. Paul de Provence, Mondragon, Orange, where was the beautiful triumphal arch, erected to perpetuate the memory of Marius's victory over the Cimbri, that attracted the attention and admiration of Richard and his army.

Continuing their route, they left behind them Arrière-aux-Sorgues, Bompas-près-

d'Avignon, Lenas, and came to Salon, now a delicious little watering-place, beautifully varied with trees, affording cool shades, which, in the time of Richard, only presented the view of a huge castle, and a few houses grouped around it on the elevated ground where it had been built. From Salon the English and Norman Crusaders advanced along a vast and fertile plain, at the extremity of which appeared on a rocky mountain the village of Lançon, which in the 12th century was merely a fortified château.

Then crossing the umbrageous hills which separate Lançon from the valley of the Arc, leaving on the right St. Chamas and its hills, resembling the hills of Judea, Berre and its sweet pools of blue water appeared. On the left, at some distance, were seen the heights, on the slopes of which now the village of Lafare unfolds her charms. Then they came to Marignane, Vitrolle, and her picturesque rocks, the village of Pênes, built upon a rocky

precipice ; and here they entered the sombre valley of the Assassin, and approached at last the antique town of the Phocæans, seated majestically on the shores of that splendid Mediterranean Sea whose extended azure, glittering before the dazzled eyes of the soldiers of the Cross, showed them the distance they had yet to travel before they came to the Divine Grave of the city whose conquest they meditated. (*Note II.*)

CHAPTER VI.

Impatience of Richard at Marseilles, where he waited for his Fleet—Account of his Voyage from Marseilles to Sicily—Sojourn of the King of England in that Island, A.D. 1190-1191.

THE irascible spirit of Richard was put to a rude proof at Marseilles. He had appointed there the rendezvous of his fleet, composed of 150 sail. It carried the materials of war, the commissariat stores, and more than 10,000 men belonging to his army. The king had not with him at that time more than 6,000 soldiers.

He waited vainly for his vessels in the Phocæan town three weeks. His impatience showed itself in his transports of fury, which alarmed the gentlemen of

his suite. When his attendants told him that the vessels launched on the ocean were not obedient to their pilots, as horses ridden by knights obey the spur or the movements of the bridle, he seemed to lay the blame on the winds and the waves, and was very near thinking, as a monarch of Asia once did, that he, the Prince of the Lion's Heart, ought to inflict a severe chastisement on the unruly waves.

Tired of waiting, Richard hired twenty vessels from the Marseilles merchants put his troops on board, and (August 7th, 1190) sailed with the wind towards Sicily, passing near the island of Hyères, and skirting Nice and Vintimille. He touched at Genoa, where he found Philip ill. The King of France asked him to lend him five galleys. Richard affirmed that he could only lend him three. Philip, wounded at this refusal, declined having any. The good understanding which had been established between the two monarchs on the commencement of this enterprise,

and confirmed by solemn oaths, received its first check at Genoa ; the circumstances that followed brought about its entire ruin. Again resuming his voyage, the King of England landed at Corneto and Cività Vecchia, and stopped at Ostia. He was waited upon at this latter town by a deputation from Pope Clement III., bearing an invitation to him to pay a visit to Rome, where a brilliant reception awaited him. Richard did not choose to accept the invitation of the Sovereign Pontiff. Matthew Paris attributes his refusal to some discontent at the conduct of the court of Rome. Richard continued his route towards Sicily. Before he went on board his galley, called *Rembone*, he was anxious to ride through the forest of Selvedene, where he admired the magnificent Roman road. He afterwards doubled the Cape of Circello, hailed Terracina, the islands of Palmaria and those of Pouzzoles, and entered the beautiful bay of Naples. He paid a visit at

Naples to the church of St. Janvier, and remained a long time on his knees before the crypt, which contained, and now contains, the relics of some renowned saints. Richard learned at Salerno that his fleet, so long expected, had arrived at Messina, whither he himself hastened, and arrived on the 14th of September, 1190.

Philip Augustus, attended only by a few knights (for he had left his main army to follow him), came to the capital of Sicily five days before Richard. The people of Messina rushed in a crowd to the port when they heard of the arrival of the King of France. They expected to see him at the head of an army; they were surprised to see him land in the company of a few knights. He at once proceeded to the palace which had been prepared for his reception. "All those who had come to the port," says a chronicler, "deceived in their expectation, judged that a king who avoided ostentation could not be capable of great enterprises."

It was thus that the people of Messina passed their judgment on a prince overflowing with genius, whose glorious reign claimed the title of "August"; a prince who was destined to give a far greater superiority and renown to the house of Capet than Richard gave to that of Plantagenet. But the people of Messina in the 12th century, like all people in all times, appreciated the man not from his own proper merits, but according to the outward show with which he was surrounded.

Richard produced an altogether different impression on the imaginations of the Sicilians. The music of clarions and trumpets rang from afar in the vessels which carried the King of England and his forces. The bucklers of the knights reflected the rays of the sun, and the waves glittered and sparkled under the quickened strokes of the oars.

Soon appeared to the surprised multitude in a richly-ornamented vessel the King

of England. One might distinguish him from the other warriors by the splendour of his dress. The troops from the fleet, drawn up in battle array, welcomed him on the shore with loud cheers. The Sicilians pressed about the person of the English prince, and accompanied him to his palace. Struck with his air of majesty, the people declared him to be a worthy commander of nations, and approved him greater than his fame.

As we have already stated in the first chapter of this work, Jane Plantagenet, the youngest of the daughters of Henry and Eleanor, had married William II., King of Sicily. This prince died without issue, and his crown reverted to his sister Constance, wife of Henry of Suabia. But Tancred, the natural son of Roger, father of William II., made himself master of the crown of Sicily after the death of Jane Plantagenet's husband. The princess was at this time relegated to a palace at Palermo, where she was confined as in a

prison. Any other prince but Richard would have desired to enter into negotiations with Tancred, if the opportunity had offered, before using more decisive measures to obtain fitting justice. This was by no means Richard's manner of acting. His diplomacy was the sword, and his protocols were drawn up in the charge of the lance. The day after his arrival at Messina he went to deliver his sister from prison, and took forcible possession of a castle called Bagnara, on the other side of the Straits, and there placed under safeguard the widow of William II. Near the rock of Charybdis a fortress had been built ; he made himself master of it and turned it into a depôt of provisions. In the meanwhile his soldiers constructed a redoubt on the heights of Messina. He gave it the name of Mategriffe, because he intended from thence to attack the griffons—a term whose origin has given rise to such uncertain researches and very doubtful explanations of savants, that we cannot

ourselves make it a matter of discussion.
(*Note III.*)

The enthusiasm with which the people of Messina had greeted Richard visibly decreased ; it changed into hatred of the English and their king. People noticed one day that some of the soldiers of Richard had disappeared. How, and why ? The dagger of the Sicilian perhaps could answer that question. The carcasses of the English were found in the common sewers. It required only a spark to light a fire. The army of Richard was placed under canvas outside the ramparts of Messina. The habitation of the king was fixed in one of the faubourgs of the town. Philip and the French had taken up their quarters inside the city.

A Sicilian woman was selling provisions to the Crusaders. An English soldier came to her to buy a loaf, and offered her in payment a sum below that which she demanded. The woman declared that he was robbing her ; the multitude came to-

gether; the English soldiers joined in the quarrel, which quickly turned into open fighting. Richard arrived on horseback, sword in hand, at the head of his troops, and took possession of the town "in less time than a priest can say matins." Messina was captured and pillaged by the English, and the banner of Cœur-de-Lion floated from the towers on the 4th of October, A.D. 1190.

These acts of violence gave offence to Philip Augustus, who told Richard that he had forfeited all esteem and broken through the laws of war by besieging a town in which his suzerain had accepted so noble a hospitality. The King of France ordered the standard of England to be taken down from the ramparts of Messina. Richard replied that he was quite willing that the standard should be taken down, but that he would not permit any other than himself or some one appointed by him to lower the ensign. It was removed by a high

baron belonging to the suite of the King of England.

But Richard was not satisfied ; he had, as he himself said, "an account to settle with the bastard Tancred." Trembling for his contested crown, and not knowing how to defend himself hand to hand against such a prince as Richard, Tancred subscribed to all the conditions imposed upon him by the King of England. The latter renounced certain sums of money left by William II. in his will to Henry II., but he required Tancred to give 40,000 ounces of gold and one of his daughters in marriage to Arthur, Duke of Brittany, his nephew, whom he designed to be his successor on the throne of England, in case of his own death without issue. The English monarch at the same time recognized Tancred as King of Sicily. By the command of Plantagenet the English restored to the people of Messina all that they had pillaged in the sacking of the town.

Richard, whose brilliant martial qualities

did not exempt him from an inordinate love of money, knew how to spend largely sometimes. Understanding that certain French and English knights complained of the expenses occasioned by their lengthened sojourn in Sicily, he offered of his own accord sums of money to those who were in need. On Christmas-day, A.D. 1190, he invited to his table the principal chiefs of the army, and after a magnificent banquet he made rich presents to each of them.

But how far was his character violent, and his revenge obstinate? Here is another proof. The King of England and many French and English gentlemen were riding into Messina after an excursion in the country; they saw a man leading an ass laden with reeds, called in Italy as in the south of France, canes. The noble cavaliers, all young and of joyous temperament, armed themselves each with one of the reeds, as with a lance, and put himself into position to tilt, as in a tournament.

Richard attacked a French cavalier, William de Barre, reputed amongst the bravest and most skilful in warlike exercises. The thrust delivered by the latter tore Richard's dress. The prince was angry, and pushed his horse against that of De Barre, for the purpose of unsaddling him; the latter settled himself in his stirrups; the king threw himself again on his adversary, who remained immoveable. The Earl of Leicester came to his master's aid, and laid his hand on William de Barre. "Stand back," said Richard to the earl, sharply; "leave the struggle to us." Raging with passion, the king suddenly checked his charger, and said to De Barre, "Go away from hence, and never again appear before me! I will be your eternal enemy, and the enemy of your race!"

"I resisted the cavalier, but I obey the king," answered the French knight with a noble haughtiness, mingled with a profound sentiment of respect.

He went to tell his story to the King of

France, who was deeply affected at the relation ; for he knew, better than any, how inveterate and dangerous Richard was in his hatred, when his pride was wounded.

After taking steps to obtain pardon for William de Barre from the King of England, Philip could only win from him this confession—" I will do De Barre no harm during the continuance of the holy war."

A grave subject of discussion arose at Messina between the two crusading kings.

Since the death of Henry II., Philip had often asked Richard to conclude his marriage with Adelais, who was affianced to him ; the King of England had only given evasive answers to the often-repeated demands of the French king.

Challenged in Sicily to fulfil his engagement made with the daughter of Louis VII., Richard frankly told Philip that he could never marry a princess who had been so long left under the power of Henry, his father. This somewhat tardy declaration roused Philip's anger, who keenly re-

proached his vassal with having broken his oath.

No one knows what might have been the consequence of these disagreements had not the prelates and great barons of the two armies been forward to aid in re-establishing more friendly relations between the two monarchs. They took oaths of one another anew, and made fresh alliances, so necessary to the success of the holy cause in which they were engaged. But one might well mistrust a friendship that needed to be cemented by so many oaths, and a peace that required to be established by so many treaties.

By an agreement signed by the two kings, Richard was freed from his engagement to Adelais, who, thereafter, married the Count de Ponthieu. Richard handed over to Philip a considerable sum; Gisors and the Vexin, given in dowry to the daughter of Louis VII., were left to the King of England under a double clause of reversion; the one in favour of France, in case

of the failure of the male issue of Richard ; the other in favour of the King of England, if Philip died without issue.


During the continuance of these negotiations at Messina, Eleanor of Aquitaine, that implacable enemy of the Royal House of France, who had been the heart and soul of the separation between her son and Adelais, came to Reggio in February, 1191, with Berengaria, daughter of Don Sanchez, King of Navarre ; she had secretly negotiated a marriage between that princess and Richard, and he was waiting day after day her arrival with his royal mother at Messina.

The sojourn of Philip at Messina was now rendered impossible. His father's first wife, whom he detested, accompanied by a young princess destined to be the bride of the man who had promised marriage to his sister, had arrived from the other side of the Straits. He could not remain to witness the triumph of Eleanor, and assist at the celebration of nuptials which pained

him to the quick, both as a brother and a king. He gave orders for the departure of his army for Syria, and on the 22nd of March, 1191, he left the shores of Sicily with his fleet. Richard accompanied him for some miles; then turning his course towards Reggio, he took on board his ship his mother, his fiancée, and the noble ladies in the train of the princess, whom he conducted to Messina.

CHAPTER VII.

A few Words on the Manner of writing History—
Departure of Richard from Messina—On his
Way he conquers Cyprus—Marriage of Richard
—Description of Berengaria—Arrival of Richard
at St. Jean d'Acre—Gladness of the Christians
and Terror of the Mohammedans on his landing
in Syria—Religious Wars. A.D. 1191.

HEN one retraces the events of
history to enlighten oneself (and
what conscientious writer is there
who does not learn something from each
page that his pen fills?)—when one retraces,
I say, the events of history for one's own
edification, or the instruction of others, one
ought to know the facts of history, and
divest oneself of all prejudice; for it is by
the facts and not by dissertations, and

inferences that one judges with truth of men and things.

What purpose, then, serves the study of history (the best of all studies, since it teaches us to know man), if in the place of the facts of history we substitute mere systems and theories? The looseness of conjecture, the caprices of the imagination, which build up romances and sentiments from the events of past time,—these are not history, but a mixture of truths and errors, where certain facts of history are recognized, and plausible theories educed: and then would one imagine scenes and situations to give to his narrative a more alluring excitement?

History, alas! is of itself sufficiently dramatic, and needs to have no recourse to fancy's aid to fill in the surroundings of truth. Wherever we find the existence of man, we find also traces of his passions, his virtues, and his crimes. The annals of man's history are filled with blood-stained tragedies. "One wants in romance," says,

excellently, an illustrious writer, "that it should not keep too closely to the facts of history." *There*, too, we find human life, the inner life of man, and the most varied and dramatic scenes—the human heart, and its lively passions, and its sweet emotions, and, *above all*, that sovereign charm—the charm of reality.

We will continue, then, to study the facts of history, and the character of the hero concerning whose destinies we are inquiring, as his life goes on widening until the tragic close; we will examine the spirit of the age and the events in which our hero shared so largely.

Eight months had elapsed (eight months lost to all the purposes of the holy war) since the arrival of Richard at Messina. What great interests, then, chained the King of England to this island, almost within sight of Syria, while the Christians, under the command of Guy de Lusignan, were fighting and perishing under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre? What mighty claims

held him aloof from the contest, while those Christian warriors waited for him as for a valiant prince whose name (like that of the Cid in a former century) was enough to win battles for them, and change defeat into victory, and depression into triumph? What made Plantagenet waste his time at Messina, when a hundred thousand Germans, led by Frederic Barbarossa, fell from fatigue and hunger in the defiles of the Taurus, and *the emperor met his death in a river* (*Note IV.*) of those savage and distant regions, and his son, Frederic of Swabia, brought back to Ptolemais the shattered columns of that magnificent army? We can answer:—Richard was “settling his account with Tancred;” was further and further embroiling himself with Philip of France; was waiting for Berengaria of Navarre, who, from the foot of the Pyrenees, was approaching to unite her lot with that of the King of England!

Truly, when once he set his feet on the soil of Syria and met the Saracens face to

face, Cœur de Lion displayed all his fiery bravery. But history proves that his own personal concerns carried him away, for a time, from the more lofty interests of the holy cause which he had embraced.

At last the day came when (April 6th, 1191) he bade adieu to Messina, and put to sea with an army of about 20,000 men. As it was Lententide, his marriage with Berengaria was not celebrated in Sicily, and it was therefore decided that it should be solemnized a little later. Eleanor returned to England, after pressing to her heart the son whom she dearly loved, and the Princess of Navarre, whom she already called by the endearing name of daughter. The king placed his affianced bride under the care of his sister Jane; and as, from a sense of propriety, he was unwilling to make his passage in the same vessel that carried his future queen, a special galley was reserved for Berengaria, the Dowager Queen of Sicily, the ladies of their suite, and a few great barons and prelates.

The English squadron made sail for St. Jean d'Acre, the point of rendezvous for all the Christian forces in the East. A change of weather altered Richard's plan of voyage, and this accident brought about a revolution, of which he never dreamed while loitering in Sicily.

Assailed by one of those violent storms, so common in the Mediterranean Sea at the season of the vernal equinox, the English vessels were dispersed. Twenty galleys of the fleet remained, when Richard, through a thousand dangers, arrived at Candia. When he came to Rhodes, he learned that two of his largest ships had been wrecked on the coast of Cyprus; that the inhabitants of that island had plundered the vessels, and thrown the crews into the sea; and that the galley which bore his affianced bride and his sister was not permitted to enter the port of Limusol (the ancient Amathus).

Cyprus was then governed by a petty tyrant, who had taken violent possession

of the island in the midst of one of the revolutions of which Constantinople was the theatre. His name was Isaac, and he was descended, on the female side, from the Imperial House of Comnenus. He had foolishly taken the title of emperor, a title dishonoured by a crowd of adventurers of the Lower Empire who had successively borne it.

Indignant at the unworthy treatment of his friends, and boiling with anger, Richard sped to Cyprus and demanded satisfaction of Isaac, who returned in answer a scornful refusal. Six Greek galleys were arranged in order before the port, to protect the town of Limusol, and the emperor and a crowd of soldiers were seen on the beach.

Richard, whose whole fleet had come together, gave the signal of attack, and the six galleys were captured by his soldiers. The King of England, clad in steel, leaped on shore, sword in hand, followed by his knights. A desperate conflict commenced; the Cypriotes were beaten down and dis-

persed; Isaac escaped, as by a miracle, from Richard, who had sought him everywhere during the engagement. The English restored to freedom their shipwrecked countrymen, and Richard took possession of Limosol. Isaac, after his defeat, came to the king and, on his knees, implored Richard's pardon—which he granted. A conference was appointed to take place on the morrow between the two princes. Plantagenet made his appearance in splendid apparel; he was well mounted on a superb Spanish horse—a present from Berengaria to her future lord. The saddle, on which two lions were represented fighting, was embroidered with gold; the spurs which the monarch wore were of the same precious metal. He was clothed in a tunic of pink silk; a mantle, on which were worked little crescents of silver, covered his herculean shoulders. The hilt of his sword was of gold, in the shape of a cross; and his scarlet cape was embroidered with the figures of various animals.

In his right hand he held a staff, which he kept waving with a martial air. All heads bent low at his approach ; and Isaac, who first arrived at the rendezvous, dismounted, and ran and kneeled to him.

It was agreed that the emperor should pay 3,500 marks of silver to Richard ; that he should surrender certain castles in Cyprus, designated by the king himself ; and that he and 500 of his soldiers should place themselves under Richard's command during the holy war. Richard engaged to restore to Isaac all his dominions on the conclusion of the war, if he should strictly observe the fulfilment of his engagements.

But a Greek, and a Greek of the Lower Empire, only signed such a treaty with the secret intention of breaking his engagements at the first opportunity. At the moment of commencing his expedition to St. Jean d'Acre, Richard learned that Isaac had retired into Nicosia, the capital of the island, refused to pay the sum

agreed upon, and declined to march against the infidels ; moreover, it was reported that he was already plotting the ruin of the Crusaders and the holy expedition. The English king, boiling with rage, went and besieged Nicosia, captured the town, and took the emperor prisoner.

Shedding tears at the feet of the conqueror, Isaac begged him of his clemency not to load his hands with fetters of iron, like a vile slave. "You shall have your prayer gratified," said Richard, with a mocking laugh ; "I know well the regard with which an emperor should be treated : you shall be fettered in chains of silver." This threat was fulfilled punctually. Isaac was put in prison in a fortress situated on the coast of Syria. His only daughter, Eudoxia, who had also mourned the loss of her mother a few months before, became a captive of the King of England. She was scarcely twenty years of age.

Thus incidentally was completed the

conquest of the island of Cyprus, whose inhabitants in ancient times boasted of being able to surpass the whole world in the abundant variety of the productions of their fertile soil. Richard gave the sovereignty of the island some time after to Guy of Lusignan, the dethroned King of Jerusalem. It remained as an appendage to the possessions of the Latin race up to A.D. 1571, when it was taken from them and added to the dominions of the Sublime Porte. The reigning Prince of Sardinia, succeeding to a long line of hereditary princes, whose history we need not unfold in this volume, bears amongst his various titles that of *King of Cyprus*.

Anxious to mark his new conquest by some important act of his life, Richard celebrated his marriage with Berengaria in the church of Nicosia, and the Bishop of Evreux solemnized the union. What a strange destiny was that of this young Princess! Born on the confines of Old Castile, she became Queen of England,

having married on an island in the Mediterranean Sea Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who made an incidental conquest of the country. We may be permitted to produce here a portrait of the noble daughter of Don Sanchez, painted by a celebrated master. "The high-born Berengaria was accounted one of the most beautiful women of the period. Her form was slight, though exquisitely moulded. She was graced with a complexion not common in her country, a profusion of fair hair, and features so extremely juvenile as to make her look several years younger than she really was, though in reality she was not above one-and-twenty. Perhaps it was under the consciousness of this extremely juvenile appearance that she affected, or at least practised, a little childish petulance and wilfulness of manner, not unbefitting, she might suppose, a youthful bride, whose rank and age gave her a right to have her fantasies indulged and attended to. She was by

nature perfectly good-humoured, and if her due share of admiration and homage (in her opinion a very large one) was duly resigned to her, no one could possess better temper or a more friendly disposition; but then, like all despots, the more power that was voluntarily yielded to her, the more she desired to extend her sway. She was confident in her husband's favour, in her high rank, and in her supposed power to make good whatever her pranks might cost her; for she gambolled with the freedom of a young lioness, who is unconscious of the weight of her own paws when laid on those whom she sports with. She loved her husband passionately, but she feared the loftiness and roughness of his character, and she felt herself not to be his match in intellect."

On leaving Cyprus with his squadron Richard for the first time fell in with the Saracens, a thousand soldiers of whom were being transported in a huge vessel called *Le Dromant*, from Beyrout to Saladin's

army, carrying with them victuals, arms, and implements of war. He saw and conquered them. The Mussulmans made an heroic resistance. Rather than fall alive into the hands of their enemies, a crowd of Soldan warriors threw themselves into the sea ; others were made prisoners and cast into the hold of the English vessels. The commander of *Le Dromant* scuttled his vessel, and went down with the wreck to the bottom of the sea, and the news of this victory preceded Richard to the camp of the Christians.

Loud cries of enthusiasm raised by the soldiers of the Cross, who were besieging St. Jean d'Acre, greeted the King of England on his landing in the bay of that city on the 8th of June, 1191. In the evening the crusading soldiers made huge fires on every side in sign of their joy. They were waiting for Richard as for a saviour.

On the contrary, his coming caused consternation amongst the infidels. "This king," says an Arabian writer, speaking

of Richard, "was a man of terrific strength, of mighty valour, and indomitable resolution. Already he had earned a splendid reputation by the bravery of his exploits. He was inferior in dignity and power to the King of France; but he had greater riches than he, he was braver, and possessed a broader experience in war."

Such was the judgment which the Saracens had formed of King Richard, even before he had proved his valour; for the capture of *Le Dromant* was no feat of arms when compared with the prowess he afterwards showed.

Saladin believed at that moment that his power was menaced. To allay the danger he excited the fanaticism of the Mussulmans by showing them that Islamism was imperilled. In his camp, as in their places of worship in the towns under his sovereignty, the priests exhorted the people to take up arms against the enemies of Mahomet.

“Innumerable legions of Christians,” they said, “have come from the countries of Europe to snatch from us the conquests we have made, which have been a source of real joy to the believers in the Koran, and to dispute the possession of the countries in which the companions of Omar planted the standard of the Prophet. Spare neither your lives nor your riches in the struggle. Your marches against the infidels, your dangers, your wounds, everything, to the crossing of the flood, are written in the Book of God. Hunger, thirst, weariness, and death itself will be to you the treasures of the heavenly kingdom, and will open to you the gardens and the delicious groves of Paradise. In whatever place you may be death will claim his victim ; neither houses nor castles towering in the air can defend you against his bolt. Every one of you has said, ‘ We must not go and fight during the heat of the summer, and the frosts of the winter ; ’ but the pit is more terrible than the frosts of winter or

the heat of summer. Come, then, and fight your enemies in this war, undertaken in the cause of your religion. Victory or Paradise awaits you. Fear God more than the infidels. It is Saladin who calls you to fight under his colours. Saladin is the friend of God; if you do not obey him your families will be hunted from Syria, and God will supply your places with people who are better than you. Jerusalem, the sister of Medina and Mecca, will lapse into the power of the idolaters, who give the Most High a son, a companion, and an equal, and would extinguish the understanding of God. Arm yourselves, then, with the bucklers of victory; drive off those children of the fire—those sons of hell, whom the sea has vomited out on your shores, and remember the words of the Koran, ‘He who forsakes his home to defend the holy religion shall find abundance, and a great number of friends.’”

With such addresses as these did their preachers vividly excite the imaginations

of their Oriental hearers, and transform the Saracens into furious lions, who marched to battle with the names of Allah and his Prophet on their tongues. They had glimpses of the Paradise of Mahomet when they fell under the swords of the Crusaders. These, too, on their side, thought to make themselves acceptable to God in slaying as many miscreants as possible. Each believed that in marching to the combat he became a martyr to God.


We Christians know well that the religion of Mahomet is false and sanguinary ; but the Saracens believed it to be true and holy : with that strong conviction they fought and died for it. The faith of the Crusaders also was lively and profound ; they defended their religion sword in hand against its irreconcilable enemies.

“Suppress all religion,” say some philosophers of our days, “and you will be delivered from these horrible wars.” Sup-

press humanity itself, one might answer such wretched doctrinaires, and there will be no belief, no passions. In her unsearchable counsels Providence permits these wars in the very heart of the country where the God of Love and Peace died for men. Their chief result, visible to ourselves, is, that they have at least saved the West from a fearful invasion of Mohammedan hordes; that is a thing for which we ought to be thankful.

CHAPTER VIII.

Topographical Situation of St. Jean d'Acre—Camp of the Christians—Capture of St. Jean d'Acre by the Crusaders. A.D. 1191.

T the southern extremity of Phœnicia towards the borders of Palestine, is built, on a peninsula abutting on the sea in the shape of a crescent, the town called at various times by the ancients Aca, Acon, Ake, and Ptolemais, and by the Arabs, Akka, and also Akh-el-Kharat (Acre in ruins).

In the year 1104, Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, converted into a church, which he dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, a mosque built some time before by the Caliph Omar. Since that time, and because of the building and

dedication of that church, Christians have given the name of St. Jean d'Acre to the ancient Ptolemais.

On the north, the west, and the south the sea serves the purpose of a natural defence to the town. A double line of walls, flanked by high towers and deep ditches, extends to the east, and passing round meets the sea on each side. At the present time the works which defend St. Jean d'Acre offer nearly the same appearance as in the 12th century.

On the east and north-east of the town a vast plain spreads out, which is bounded by the lowest spurs of Libanus and the lesser hills of Galilee. Mount Carmel, the summit of which, seen from a distance, seems to rise out of the sea, appears to the south. Some villages and orange-gardens may be seen in that plain, watered by the rivers Kishon, Nahur, and Naamany, which empty themselves into the bay of St. Jean d'Acre.

It was on this plain, now silent and

lonely, that in the years A.D. 1189, 1190, and 1191, the finest Christian armies encamped which the West had ever sent into Asia.

Since the period of the first Crusade, Acre had belonged to the Latins. Saladin had captured it without resistance, after the disastrous defeat of Tiberias (May, 1186). Guy of Lusignan, taken prisoner on that fateful day, obtained his liberty by promising Saladin to renounce his title to the crown of Jerusalem, and to return to Europe. But in those desperate wars between Christians and Mohammedans oaths were not always held in due respect. Guy de Lusignan, before a council of bishops, formally declared his purpose of disregarding the oath he had pledged himself to observe. Immediately reuniting the scattered remnants of his (once) splendid army, overwhelmed on the borders of the Lake of Gennesareth, he laid siege to St. Jean d'Acre, defended by the brave legions of the Saracen host.

We need not here recount the events of the siege of Ptolemais, one of the longest and most sanguinary that history has mentioned. This task has already been accomplished in an excellent work which Europe knows (*Histoire des Croisades*, par Michaud). We can only relate that which is connected immediately with our subject; and we shall find a sufficiency of events for our little book in the acts of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who shared so largely in the dangers and the glory of the expedition under the walls and on the plains of St. Jean d'Acre. But to complete the picture, in which Cœur-de-Lion stands a foremost figure, we shall be compelled to describe other personages, and depict the fashions of the times, and also fix the situations of the places.

All the nations of Europe were represented in the camp of the Crusaders on the plains of Acre in the summer of the year 1191. The French, the English, the Scotch, the Normans, the Flemish, the Italians,

and the Danes were there, in their various apparel, with their different languages and customs ; but they all were animated by one faith, that of Christ crucified,—all were led by one idea, the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent. The troops of the Temple, instituted for the defence of the Holy Land against the Infidel, were there too. Clothed in their long scale-armour of steel, these knights looked from a distance, according to the saying of an Arab writer, “like huge serpents covering the plain.” When “they flew to arms they resembled birds of prey, and in the fight they were like raging lions.” The camp of these gallant knights was surrounded by a ditch, palisade, and redoubts. Their tents were disposed so as to form lines of streets, and chapels were built where the holy offices of the Church were performed. Markets, too, were there, in which the productions of Europe and Asia were offered for sale. In truth, the camp was like a city of the East. The labours

of industry and the activity of commerce were mingled everywhere with the stir of combat and the din of arms.

The kings, the princes, the earls, the barons displayed all the luxury of their palaces and castles. They had brought with them their pages and their hunting equipment. Richard, who was passionately fond of the chase, of hounds, and of horses, carried with him a magnificent collection of falcons and bloodhounds, which was the admiration of all the Crusaders. Philip Augustus loved much a large white falcon, which he used frequently to hold on his hand, and pet. One day this bird flew from his hand, and winged its way to the town of St. Jean d'Acre. The King of France vainly offered a thousand pieces of gold for its ransom: it was sent to Saladin, who refused to restore it.

The Kings of England and France, on their arrival at the camp, were seized with sickness, and the labours of the siege were

for a moment intermitted. It was a heavy trial to Richard to find himself confined to his tent while the whole army of Christians was waiting the word of command to attack the city of the infidel. "His impatience," says his historiographer Vinisauf, "was a source of greater torment to him than the fever which inflamed his blood." Philip, who suffered less from illness than Richard, sometimes mounted his horse, rode through the ranks of the army, and encouraged the soldiers by his presence. Plantagenet, not to be outdone by his suzerain in courage, one day gave orders to his troops (notwithstanding the entreaties of his wife and his sister that he would remain within his tent) to prepare themselves for the assault. He himself girded on his heavy armour; but, unable to move about or to mount his charger, in consequence of his extreme weakness, he was borne to a point near the walls of the town, where he sat under a huge rock, and directed the assault. "I had rather," he

observed, "fall sword in hand by the scimitar of the Saracen than die shamefully in my bed."

A thousand hands erected the scaling-ladders in the midst of showers of darts hurled upon the Christians by the besieged. The soldiers of the King of England, fighting under the eyes of their sovereign, reached the top of the rampart. Swords clashed against swords, hand to hand they combated, hot and hotter still grew the battle for many hours. Repulsed in their first attempt the English returned to the charge. Crushed by numbers, and unsuccessful by their fellow-Crusaders, they fell back. Richard was reduced to deep despair by the failure of this assault, and the consuming fever preyed upon him still more, and increased the gloom and anguish of defeat. The town would have been captured that very day if the whole army had joined in the contest. "But it was the hour of dinner," says the Chronicle, "and the remaining Cru-

saders were busy with their morning's meal."

This imprudent attempt of Richard demonstrated how much unity of command was wanting to the Christian army. Philip Augustus was therefore invested with the powers of commander-in-chief. But his impetuous vassal was far from being submissive and obedient ; he was even desirous of capturing the town without the knowledge of his captain and suzerain.

When once the health of the two monarchs was re-established the works of the siege recommenced, and were carried on with greater unanimity ; and we might fill volumes, if we wished, with accounts of the amazing exploits of the Christians and the infidels.

The Crusaders were harassed in their entrenchments, diverted by the sorties of the besieged, and by the constant attacks of Saladin, whose army covered a plateau on the plain of Acre. They were able to cope with and resist every attack. They

grew more courageous as they saw the efforts the Mussulmans made.

Prodigies and miraculous visions played a great part in the two hostile armies. The Saracens gave out that they were under the protection of the Almighty; they affirmed that a legion of his angels had descended from heaven to defend the town. The Christians related that one night the chevaliers stationed as outposts had seen a woman of surpassing beauty, who said to them,—“Fear not! I am Mary, the mother of the Lord Jesus. You will capture the town; but do not raze the walls.”

The garrison, exhausted by two years of gigantic labours, without provisions or means of defence, could no longer hold out. In the extremity of their condition, the Emir who held the chief command at Acre, Saif Eddin, demanded an interview with the King of France, which was granted. He told him that he was ready to surrender the city on condition that the Saracens

should be allowed to retire with the honours of war, and the lives and property of the inhabitants should be respected.

“You and they whom you mention are my slaves,” said Philip. “Surrender at once, and then I will see what can be done.”

Conditions more advantageous to the Crusaders were offered and accepted. It was agreed “that the wood of the true Cross, captured by Saladin at the battle of Tiberias, should be restored to the Christians; that the town of St. Jean d’Acre should be surrendered to them, with all the property it contained; that the garrison should be free to retire from the town, but without their arms; that they should pay 200,000 besants of gold to Philip and Richard; and that they should restore the 2,000 Christians confined in the prisons of the Mohammedan. It was also agreed that 2,000 Mussulmans should be retained, as hostages, in the camp of the Christians, until the treaty was concluded and fulfilled.

Forty days were to be counted from the conclusion of this treaty to its fulfilment; viz., from July 12th to August 21st, 1191, A.D."

This treaty, which the majority of pilgrim warriors did not expect, roused the most violent murmurs. The soldiers were forbidden to enter the town they had won by the sword, the sacking of which had been solemnly promised them! All the riches of Acre became the property of Richard and Philip, and were divided between them.

"Let the Church and posterity judge," says a contemporary writer, "if it was fitting thus to hand over the wealth of this captured town to two princes, who had scarcely been three months in the Holy Land, when the other pilgrims had acquired a right to the booty by their unceasing toil, and their blood so prodigally poured out during many winters."

The insatiable greediness of Richard, and the insufficient resources of Philip, who

during the campaign had not always sufficient money to pay his troops, explain this treaty, so profitable to both of them.

The fierce looks of the Saracen warriors, retiring from the town between two lines of crusading soldiers, irritated the latter, and made them regret most deeply that they had not made use of the rights a bloody victory had given them, and penetrated by force into the city of their enemy.


The Mussulmans marched forth with lofty head and assured mien. Unarmed, defenceless, they yet seemed to threaten the champions of the Cross. Adversity had in no measure lessened their energies. One would have thought from their appearance that they were not marching out under the humiliation of a defeat, but with the pride and exultation of a victory.

Thus terminated, after two years of dreadful carnage, this memorable siege, in which there fell more than 200,000 Crusaders and 100,000 Saracens. "The Chris-

tians," a historian has said, " poured out there more blood and displayed greater prowess than would have sufficed to subjugate all Asia." Such sacrifices, such courage failed, however, to attain the end which Christianity desired. The holy sepulchre still awaits its deliverance from the hands of the Turk, in whose power it has remained since the twelfth century.

CHAPTER IX.

A Change takes place in the mutual Demeanour of the Christians and Mussulmans—Richard insults Leopold of Austria—Succession to the Throne of Jerusalem—Assassination of Conrad de Montferrat, Marquis of Tyre—Philip returns to Europe—Saladin fails to fulfil the Conditions of the Treaty—Richard gives Orders to put to Death the Saracen Captives. A.D. 1191.

O preserve some unity in our hurried account of the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, we have purposely omitted to mention some scattered facts which belong to its history, and which arose out of it. We will speak of them in this chapter.

In the early struggles that took place between the Christians and Mussulmans—struggles that had now lasted a century—

the soldiers of Mahomet and the Crusaders had only come into collision at first to hate and then to destroy one another. No courteous word, no generous action, is recorded that could soften the asperity of war. It was not altogether thus at the time of the third Crusade. Acts of barbarity, indeed, on both sides, were only perpetrated too soon; but in the intervals of fighting we obtain a glimpse of more friendly relations, and acts of politeness, between the soldiers of the hostile camps.

During the course of the siege of Ptolemais many tournaments were held, to which the Mussulmans were invited. The champions on both sides, before entering the lists, conversed with one another; the victor was carried about in triumph, and the vanquished was ransomed as a prisoner of war. In the military fêtes, which were a means of bringing the two nations together, the French often danced to the music of the Arab, and their minstrels sang in turn that the Saracens might dance.

Philip Augustus, and especially Richard, sent deputies to Saladin (the greatest Mus-sulman name in Asia), to present their compliments to him in his tent. They asked whether he would be pleased to accept presents from the kings of the West. The Soldan thanked the two kings for their courtesy, and said that "he would accept their presents on the condition that he might offer them as presents some of the productions of Asia."

They sent to Saladin shields, swords, dogs, hounds, and embroidered stuffs; and accepted as presents from Saladin, precious stones, iced sherbet, perfumes, exquisite fruits, and helmets richly chased in steel. The messengers of the Saracens and Crusaders never returned empty-handed to their respective camps. But the Soldan never visited the Christian princes.

An Arab writer relates that Richard once demanded an interview with Saladin, and the Soldan made answer, that "the

King of England could only meet his brother, Malek-Adel." . . . "The war continues," observed Saladin, "and there is no expectation of peace. Why should you be desirous of our friendship, when in a moment it may be dissolved by the sword?"

Richard, on his side, did not accept the offered interview with Malek-Adel. A report was current among the Saracens that Richard was forbidden the interview by the King of France, his lord and suzerain; and thereupon Richard was forward to send certain knights of his suite to Saladin, to assure him that it was not the custom of the King of England to receive orders or commands from others, but to give them himself,—that he ruled and had no superior. His position of vassal to the King of France was insupportable to his pride. The pride of the Plantagenets had become proverbial. "*No member of that family,*" some one has said, "*ever allowed that a wound was painful.*"

The almost friendly relations that subsisted between Richard and Saladin provoked, more than once, the discontent of the Crusaders, and led them to imagine that some perfidy was hidden under these acts of politeness. The king answered these murmurs, and complaints, by joining battle anew with the infidels. We shall find shortly how Saladin's presents to Richard formed a ground of reproach and imputation against him when a captive in Austria.

Richard, who seemed to court the friendship of the infidels, had an unfortunate habit of embroiling himself with the princes who were fighting under the standard of the Cross. The day after the entry of the Crusaders into Acre, Richard saw the banner of Leopold, Duke of Austria, floating in 'the air from one of the towers of the town, and ordered it to be dragged down and thrown into the ditch. By the side of his own colours he would only allow those of the King of France. The Ger-

mans were anxious to avenge this grave insult by an appeal to arms ; but Leopold concealed his anger, and restrained them. Yet, a year after, he avenged himself in a cowardly and cruel manner for the insult he had with difficulty brooked at Ptolemais.

Subjects of discord were not wanting at St. Jean d'Acre to Richard and Philip. By the terms of a treaty made between the two kings on quitting Europe, it had been agreed that Philip should receive one-half of the conquests made in common by himself and Richard in Asia. Relying on this treaty Philip demanded his share of Cyprus, lately overrun by Richard. To this demand Richard at first demurred, and then gave an absolute refusal: alleging that Cyprus was conquered without the aid of the French king, and solely in consequence of a personal affront. As, therefore, the conquest was not achieved in common, he considered that the island belonged wholly to himself. Philip accused

Richard, nevertheless, of having broken the terms of the treaty.

The question of the succession to the throne of Jerusalem served to increase their disunion. By his marriage with Sybil, eldest daughter of Amaury, who succeeded Baldwin III. on the throne of Godfrey of Bouillon, Guy of Lusignan became King of Jerusalem. Sybil and her two children dying, her sister Isabella, who was married to a French gentleman named Honfroy de Thoron, inherited the kingdom by the right of her father.

Conrad de Montferrat was the brother of that Boniface who in A.D. 1204 was put at the head of the fourth Crusade, acquired possession of Constantinople, and became King of Salonica. He was a brave soldier, like all those of his noble race. Shut up within the walls of Tyre in A.D. 1187, he heroically withstood all the attacks of Saladin, who was compelled to raise the siege of that city. As brave as he was ambitious, and little scrupulous of the

means he used to further his designs, he took Isabella by force from her husband. Married already to a princess of the Imperial House of Constantinople, he managed by force of intrigue to obtain a divorce from her, and married Isabella. They said in the camp that the noble Marquis of Tyre (that was Conrad's title) had in this manner two wives living,—one at Constantinople, another in Syria.

Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom we have spoken at some length in the fourth chapter of this little work, was the only prelate amongst the Crusaders who had the courage to raise his voice against this adulterous union, so shocking that a chronicler of that time calls it a scandalous marriage. Baldwin launched against the guilty pair the thunders of excommunication ; but they took no heed of it. Philip de Dreux, Bishop of Beauvais, whom we shall see fighting under Richard's standard, solemnized this union in the church of St. John at Acre.

The Marquis of Tyre, now the husband of Isabella, claimed for himself the crown of Jerusalem, to the prejudice of Guy of Lusignan. Two parties sprang up, one of which favoured the claims of Guy of Lusignan, affirming that the dignity of the royal title is indelible, and that he therefore remained a king; the other party favoured Conrad's right. Richard declared for the former, and this formed one reason why Philip Augustus supported the claims of the latter. After a long debate it was decided that Guy of Lusignan should hold the title for his life, and that Conrad and his issue should succeed him on the throne of Jerusalem. They did not foresee at that time that the title, which was already only nominal, would be entirely lost to both these pretenders. Attributing, not without reason, this untoward decision to the influence of Richard, Conrad bluntly quitted Ptolemais, and shut himself up in the city of Tyre with his new wife and his troops. On taking his departure, he said

aloud to those who would have persuaded him to remain under the standard of the Cross, "that he did not think that his life was safe in a town in which Plantagenet held the command."

Some months after, at the very time when Conrad was betraying the cause of the Holy War, and negotiating an offensive and defensive alliance with Saladin against Richard, he fell by the dagger of an assassin in a street of the city of Tyre. The Old Man of the Mountains (or the prince of a band of assassins), who lived in a mysterious manner on the highest range of Libanus, had determined upon his death. His murderers suffered a horrible punishment without one word of complaint, and without revealing the name of the person who had employed them to take the marquis's life.

Those who had been the marquis's partisans accused Richard of having committed this crime; but the accusation is unjust and absurd. Secret murder was

opposed to his very character. Cruel he sometimes was, but never cowardly. When his blow descended it fell openly, and in the sight of all men. He was not a man to hide the hand that dealt correction. Conrad was not without secret enemies; and there was no necessity to go about for an odious calumny and fix it on an innocent man. But this assassination has always been a mystery. (*Note V.*)

It was immediately after the last conference held on the question of the succession to the throne of Jerusalem that Philip began to prepare for his return to Europe. This monarch, who was the author of such excellent and useful measures in his own kingdom, did not show himself to any advantage in the Holy Land. He played a poor part in the enterprise, and seemed to have gone to the East against his natural bent, and perhaps because he felt that irresistible impulse which attracted all Europe to the land of miracles.

The stir and commotion that Richard

caused, the pomp which he displayed to the astonishment of the East, his brilliant renown as a warrior, which extended to the uttermost parts of Asia, grieved and distressed Philip. He who knew how to conceal his thoughts so skilfully yet could not hide the jealousy with which he was racked at the sight of his superb vassal. His position was untenable so long as Richard remained in the Holy Land.

Although in the main Richard might be satisfied at the departure of Philip of France (for his departure placed at his disposition the interests of the Christians in the East), he assured the French barons who came to announce the intention of their royal master that his voluntary return cast "an eternal disgrace" on the name of Philip Augustus. Richard demanded and obtained from his suzerain a promise that on his return to France he would not undertake any enterprise against the dominions of the crown of England.

Philip embarked at Tyre, leaving in

Palestine 6,000 French soldiers under the command of his relative the Duke of Burgundy. When he marched forth from Acre (July 30th, 1191) his faithful knights, and the Crusaders who had espoused his party in opposition to Richard, took a most touching leave of him; and all those who espoused Richard's interests overwhelmed him with curses, and reproached him to his face with having deserted the cause of Jesus Christ.

All those princes who have left a name in history are far from resembling him. We know few who, like St. Louis, have left no mark but that of virtue on their actions. Few, indeed! And amongst those who, somewhat less eminent than Louis IX. (he was a perfect king), yet deserved the admiration of mankind, we find very few whose reigns have been free from all injustice, crime, and revenge. But the duty of historians, charged with the task of retracing their lives, is to describe them as they really are:

to make mention of their good and bad actions ; to praise the former, to reprobate the latter. This we have done for Richard, and will continue to do to the end of our work.

At St. Jean d'Acre, after the departure of the King of France, he suffered himself to be hurried into an act which partook of neither the courage nor the dignity of the Lion, but rather shows only a savage brutality. We will not be silent about it.

The period fixed for the execution of the treaty of the 12th July had expired, and Saladin still kept in irons the Christian prisoners. He did not pay the 200,000 besants of gold agreed upon, nor did he restore "the wood of the true cross," called by the Arabs "the wood of the crucifixion." Challenged by Richard to fulfil his engagements, Saladin only made an evasive answer.

The camp of the Soldan was constantly pitched on the plain of Acre. Plantagenet ranged his army in battle array within

sight of the enemy. Then he commanded to be brought out in chains before his troops 2,700 Saracens, who had been left in his power either as hostages or as prisoners of war, and ordered all their heads to be cut off in his presence. This dreadful sentence was carried out on the 21st of August, 1191. The captives offered their necks to their executioners with heroic resignation; and the martyrs in the cause of Islamism went to drink the waters of mercy from the river of Paradise.

What is remarkable in this tragedy is that no Mussulman author who speaks of this horrible butchery mentions it with blame. It was their fashion. After the battle of Tiberias did not Saladin massacre all the knights who fell into his power, because they heroically refused to abjure their faith and embrace the religion of Mahomet?

Gauthier Vinisauf, a witness of the massacre of the 20th August, 1191, would justify Richard by saying that the order of

the English king "avenged Christianity and confounded the law of the false prophet of Mecca." By the side of this approbation passed on an act so wicked, it will not be unprofitable to produce a censure recorded on this very act by a contemporary writer. "The King of England," says Sicardi, Bishop of Cremona, "finding that Saladin would not pay him the money he had promised, contrary to all justice, caused all the Saracen prisoners in his power to be put to death." Opinions of this kind, which serve to condemn these barbarous deeds, are so much the more remarkable as they are rarely found in the books of the old chroniclers.

Saladin, whom the sight of such cruelties inflamed with rage, like a lioness that has been reft of her young, hurled his squadrons against the forces of the Christians. Richard, who had provoked the attack by his massacre of the Mussulman captives, displayed a bravery which could not be

resisted. He fought the Soldan more valiantly than ever. More than 4,000 Saracens lost their lives upon the field of battle.



CHAPTER X.

Richard enters Palestine—His Army—The Army of Saladin—Battle of Arsur—Richard's Letter to the Archbishop of Rouen on this occasion. A.D. 1191.

TOLEMAIS had now fallen into the power of the Christians. This was a great achievement, and prepared the way to new successes ; for this town, regarded always as the key of Syria, was for Richard a chief centre of the commissariat supplies and military operations, now that he had become supreme head of the expedition since the departure of Philip.

But the final aim of the Crusade was not attained. It remained to penetrate into Palestine ; and the Saracens were

guarding its approaches and preparing for a fearful struggle. Richard garrisoned Acre sufficiently, and built up the walls which had fallen to pieces during the siege. He left in that town the queen, his sister, and the ladies of their suite ; then, at the head of 100,000, he began his march into Palestine.

The disposition of his army, whose discipline the Saracens admired, was excellent. It was divided into five corps. The Templars formed the first corps ; the Bretons and Anjevins the second ; the Poitevins the third ; in the fourth corps were the English, the Normans, and the Germans. The Hospitallers composed the rearguard.

The principal leaders were Richard, who was the commander-in-chief ; the Duke of Burgundy ; Guy de Lusignan ; Henry, Count of Champagne ; Robert de Dreux and his brother Philip, Bishop of Beauvais, who in warlike ardour oftener wore the helmet than the mitre, and

grasped the sword more frequently than the pastoral staff ; the Grand Masters of the Templars and Hospitallers ; the illustrious James d'Avesnes, a Flemish gentleman, whom Vinisauf compares to " Nestor in wisdom, to Achilles in bravery, to Regulus in religious observance of his sworn oath."

The archers and crossbowmen composing the infantry, marched at the two extremes of the army. In the centre, where the cavalry were stationed, there was raised a long pole like the mast of a ship. It was carried in a waggon drawn by four superbly-caparisoned horses. From the top of this pole, which was called the standard, floated in long folds the banner of England. It served as a rallying point to the army, and its safe keeping was entrusted to a chosen body of troops. Behind the standard were carried the sick, the wounded, and sometimes the corpses of the illustrious warriors who had fallen in the strife of battle.

The clergy, chanting their prayers, kept pace with the the army. The heralds-at-arms kept marching through the ranks, sounding the war-cry,—“O God, rescue the Holy Sepulchre!” This war-cry had usurped the place of that of the earlier Crusaders,—“God has willed it! God has willed it!”

Richard, riding a chestnut horse of Cyprus, was ubiquitous. His heavy armour resembled that of the knights of the first rank. A steel helmet concealed his fair light hair. His cuirass of steel was covered with a coat of mail with long sleeves reaching to the knees, and his legs were enclosed in a stocking of flexible steel. On his left side hung a large long double-edged sword; on his right side he wore a dagger in a scabbard brilliant with jewels. His lance was hung to the seat of the saddle of his charger, whose flanks were covered with accoutrements in metal. He wore very elastic gauntlets of wrought-iron on his large hands. When he appeared in

the ranks of the army on their way to Palestine, his presence electrified the soldiers, who brandished their bucklers, and exclaimed, "Long live Richard of England!" "God defend the Holy Sepulchre!"

Leaving Acre, the Crusaders crossed the rivers Nahur and Kishon, passed Caiapha, and leaving Mount Carmel on the right, came to the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, whose waves washed the feet of their horses.

Richard was now compelled to march in narrow ways, fenced in on one side by the waters of the sea, on the other by the steep declivities of the hills of Samaria. He did not desire to expose his troops to certain dangers by pushing them through mountains broken with ravines and precipices known only to the Saracen horsemen and their fleet horses. He gave orders to his troops to act entirely on the defensive, and not to break their ranks.

The Mussulmans, commanded by Sala-

din in person, formed an army of 200,000 men, nearly all cavalry. This army was composed of Bedouin Arabs, carrying bows and quivers and round leathern shields; Scythians, with long hair, armed with arrows; Ethiopians, with black complexions, of tall stature, and with faces coloured black and red; Curds, of the same tribe as Saladin, of fierce aspect, carrying in their hands lances, and clubs shod with iron spikes. At the end of their lances waved flags of divers colours. The din of their citherns, their clarions and symbols resounded from afar. Amongst these there were men whose sole business was to raise horrible yells; and all this noise, says a historian, "was made not only to alarm their enemies, but to excite to the carnage the Mussulman warriors, and to keep up in their hearts the excitement of the combat with forgetfulness of danger and the intoxication of victory.

This "army of demons" never ceased to harass the Crusaders in their difficult

march through marshes covered with bushy grass, which grew to the height of a man. Clouds of Saracen horsemen, riding down the declivities at a quick gallop, threw themselves on the Crusaders, who, without wavering, received them on the points of their javelins, and offered to their advance an impenetrable hedge of lances.

The Mussulmans then beat a retreat, but only to recommence their attack. A writer of the period compares their evolutions at one time to the rapid flight of the swallow ; at another to the sharp attack of teasing flies, the swarm making off when one pursues, but settling on their prey when one ceases to resist their assault.

Speaking of the Crusaders, an Arab author says that "they stood firm as a wall, and never broke their ranks save on extraordinary occasions." The thick felt and the coats of mail which they wore were proof against the arrows of the Saracen. "I have seen Christian soldiers who had

even twenty arrows sticking in their bodies, who looked like hedgehogs."

Arrived at Cæsarea, the walls of which Saladin had recently demolished, the army of the Crusaders rested a few days. Then recommencing their march they came, about the middle of September, A.D. 1191, to a plain in the vicinity of the town of Arsur, near which is a forest, the subject of Tasso's song.

Richard's plan of campaign, as we have already stated, was to remain entirely on the defensive, and to avoid any general engagement with Saladin. The King of England was anxious to reach Jaffa, and possibly Jerusalem, by these tactics—Jerusalem that most holy city—that Plantagenet was never to visit even as a simple pilgrim. To the plains of Arsur, where the Mussulmans began to press their attacks on the Christians, Richard succeeded in bringing his army without coming to an engagement with the enemy.

It was against the rearguard that the

Saracens charged most vigorously and frequently. The Knights Hospitallers were the first to appeal against the plan of simple defensive operations. They bore well all the inconveniences of the march, but the shame of merely resisting the efforts of the infidels urged them to disobey the orders of Richard. The Grand Master quitted his rank, sped towards Richard, and addressed him thus:—"Sire, we are threatened with eternal reproach. We shall be conquered thus, just as if we had been wanting in courage. We shall in the end permit ourselves to be disarmed, if we remain longer on the defensive. By St. George, sire, give the signal for the battle."

Scarcely had the Grand Master ended these words, when Saladin and Malek-Adel pushed their 200,000 soldiers into the plain, and in less than a quarter of an hour the army of the Christians was quite surrounded. At the thundering voice of Richard, the army put itself in motion ;

a dreadful fight ensued ; the arrows whistled through the air. The infantry of the Christians opened their ranks, and 40,000 knights of the Crusaders, armed cap-à-pie, swept out. The lances clashed and were shattered ; men and horses came to the ground on every side ; clouds of dust enveloped the combatants ; all was confusion. Christians fell at the hands of Christians, and Mussulmans resigned their breath, slain by the swords of their companions in arms.

Mounted on his chestnut horse, Richard, completely armed in steel, as we have described, threw himself upon the ranks of the enemy, whom he terrified by his sudden attack and dispersed. He cut down the Saracens and laid them low, as the reaper mows the blades of grass in the harvest.

The heroic James d'Avesnes, not less than Richard, destroyed hordes of Saracens. Commingled with the Bedouin cavalry, they bit the dust before his sword. His

horse was killed under him, but the knight struggled to his feet again. His strength, however, failed him, his blood was drained, and he fell pierced with wounds, uttering the words, "God and the Holy Sepulchre! Richard, avenge my death." The Crusaders recovered his mutilated body, and carried it to the standard.

The battle lasted a whole day. Three times the Saracens were repulsed, and thrice they returned to the charge. At length, no longer able to keep their ground against the Crusaders, "that iron nation," as they named them, they fled from the field of battle, which was covered with their dead and wounded. Maddened, as well as humiliated by his defeat, Saladin observed to his lieutenants around him, "*We were* the most unconquerable of nations in war, and lo! now we are as nothing—we are like smoke before these Christians."

After returning thanks to Heaven, the Crusaders quietly entered the town of Arsur, where, in great pomp, they interred

in one of the churches, the remains of the brave James d'Avesnes.

Let us quote here a letter from Richard to the Archbishop of Rouen, in which the English king makes mention of the battle of Arsur as of an ordinary event. This letter, a true historical relic, is the more worthy of notice inasmuch as, speaking of that memorable day on which he displayed all his bravery, Richard makes no mention of himself. "Richard, by the grace of God, King of England, Duke of Normandy, Count of Anjou, to the venerable William, Archbishop of Rouen, greeting. Know that after the departure of the King of France to his kingdom, and the reconstruction of the ruins of Acre, we shaped our course towards Jaffa, labouring for the cause of Christ and the fulfilment of our vow. We have arrived at Cæsarea, after great troubles and considerable hardships. The army of Christ, after resting a short time in this town, has recommenced its march. We have almost come

to Arsur. At this moment Saladin and his pagans have fallen with impetuosity on our rear guard. Thanks to Divine Goodness, they have been driven off. By the care of the Blessed Virgin Mary, our soldiers have made terrific havoc of illustrious Saracens near Arsur. Nay, for forty years Saladin has not suffered such a terrible reverse. Since the day of his defeat the Sultan has not dared to come to close quarters with the Christians ; but he attacks us from ambuscade, where he conceals himself like a lion in his den. He has entirely destroyed Ascalon, fearing lest that town should fall into our power. We have our trust in God, and are confident that we shall be able fully to win back the heritage of our Lord. I pray God you are well."


It was from Jaffa that Richard wrote this letter. The Christian army had come with the purpose of taking up its quarters in this town. Saladin had caused the walls to be demolished. While the Cru-

saders were busy restoring the walls of the town, the Sultan was not idling in his *den*, as the King of England had expressed himself; he ordered, and was himself presiding at, the demolition of the defences of the fine town of Ascalon: he thought, not without reason, that if the Christians were masters of this important position, his communication with Egypt and the southern parts of Palestine would be cut off; and they themselves would be able to receive great succours in aid of the conquest of Jerusalem.

Therefore all the forces of Saladin were concentrated in the neighbourhood of the Holy City.

CHAPTER XI.

Disunion amongst the Leaders of the Crusade—
Negotiations of Peace between Richard and
Saladin—The King of England proposes to give
his Sister in Marriage to Malek-Adel—Interview
between Plantagenet and the Brother of Saladin.
A.D. 1191.

HE Crusaders did not reap any
advantage from their victory at
Arsur. Instead of pursuing their
triumphant march towards Jerusalem they
wasted much precious time at Jaffa in
raising its walls, and in prolonging their
deliberations ; the only result was to intro-
duce disunion amongst the soldiers of the
Christian army.

The French, having at their head the
Duke of Burgundy, whom Philip Augustus
seems to have specially chosen for the

hatred he bore to Plantagenet, wished to proceed at once to lay siege to the Holy City. The English, the Normans, the Anjevins, and the Poitevins, under the command of Richard, declared, on the contrary, that it was necessary before all to fortify the cities, and to rebuild the towns which they found demolished on their journey, that they might furnish a safe retreat in case of defeat in a devastated country.

The latter counsel prevailed ; but from that moment the King of England ceased to have the co-operation of the Duke of Burgundy, who shortly after separated himself from the body of the Crusaders, and shut himself up in Tyre with the French who were under his command.

Whilst the Crusaders were rebuilding Ascalon, the fortresses of Gaza, Natrum, Ramla, and others besides, were reduced to ruin by the Saracens ; and those two armies, which we have so lately seen irresistible in the plains of Acre and at

Arsur, had quitted the sword and the lance to handle the hammer and the trowel.

Despairing almost from the opening of the campaign of being able by force of arms to conquer the Holy City, Richard had opened negotiations of peace with Saladin. Desiring to prevent the sacrilegious alliance between Conrad de Montferrat and the Saracens, Plantagenet sent deputies charged to assure him that he would terminate the war, and return to Europe, if Saladin would restore to the Christians the city of Jerusalem, and the wood of the true cross.

"Never," answered the Commander of the Faithful, "did Jerusalem rightfully belong to the Christians; and I cannot, without crime, abandon this city to them. It is a holy place to the Mussulmans; for there the angels are accustomed to have their assemblies; from thence, too, the prophet on a memorable night ascended to heaven on the winged horse, Elborak. As to the wood of the crucifixion, it would have

been better had it not existed; if I take care of it, it is only with the desire of some advantage to Islamism. If the King of England has no other proposals of peace to make, he had better not send his envoys to me again." This is what he said.

Richard thereupon made other overtures of peace, of a nature utterly surprising. There existed between him and Malek-Adel a closeness of friendship which was no secret to any one; on many occasions the King of England had called him "his brother and friend."

Malek-Adel, as the historians call Saphadin, professed a high and public esteem for Richard; no one admired more than he his frankness and his bravery. Plantagenet proposed to give his sister Jane in marriage to Malek-Adel. This princess would have brought him in dowry all the towns that the Christians possessed in Palestine. Saphadin would have received from Saladin all the places which the Mussulmans had taken from the

Christians in that country. Malek-Adel and Jane Plantagenet, joined in wedlock, were to reign at Jerusalem with the title of king and queen.

Richard laid down as a condition to this arrangement, that Saladin should restore to him "the wood of the true cross," and that the Templars and Hospitallers should be re-established in their ancient possessions in the Holy Land. If these offers were accepted, Plantagenet solemnly engaged to return immediately to Europe.

Malek-Adel, who, if the historian is right, had a secret liking for the Christians, welcomed Richard's propositions with joy.

"Although Saladin did not think that he was serious—(these are the words of an Arab writer)—he affirmed that he was willing to subscribe to the terms, in order that he might not give his brother pain by a refusal."

Had Richard consulted his sister before he thus determined the disposition of her

lot? According to the account of a Mussulman writer, himself charged with the negotiation, the answer to this question will be in the negative; for "the dowager queen of Sicily," he states, "burst into a violent passion when she learned what her brother had done." In the end, however, she said that "if Malek-Adel would renounce Islamism and embrace Christianity she would willingly be his wife."

However that may be, the projected union caused the Imaums and the doctors of the law surprise, and the bishops, when they were informed of it, raised their voices with indignation against it, and threatened Jane and Richard with the thunders of the church. And yet can any one fathom the deep purposes of God? Who knows but that the noble Malek-Adel, the friend of the Franks, having become the husband of a Christian princess, might have opened his eyes to the truth of the Christian religion, and that in the place of a Mussulman King of Jerusalem, there might have

been seen some day, under the shadow of Golgotha, the brother of Saladin, a reigning king converted to the religion of the Saviour of the world ?

But as has been said, such a project was impossible in the midst of a religious war. The failure of these negotiations did not interrupt the friendly relations that subsisted between Richard and Malek-Adel. A meeting was appointed and exchanged between the two in a magnificent tent prepared for the occasion at an equal distance between the two camps.

Malek-Adel appeared first at the rendezvous in great pomp, accompanied by some brilliant chevaliers of his suite, and Richard repaired thither clothed in his royal robes. The two princes sat down side by side upon cushions of silk embroidered with gold. The son of Honfroy de Thoron, who spoke Arabic like a son of the desert, acted as interpreter.

Nothing has transpired to us of that

which was the subject of discourse on this occasion. An Arabian writer, who was probably himself ignorant of what took place, limits himself to saying that "Richard and Malek-Adel treated each other with great courtesy, and that they changed their plates during the feast." The Frank monarch, passionately fond of music, asked the Curd prince to let him hear some Arab songs. Malek-Adel ordered into his presence an Egyptian woman, who sang an air and accompanied herself upon the lute. The English king, adds the Mussulman writer, seemed much pleased, after which they separated mutually satisfied and friendly.

The cordiality, however, which had been interrupted amongst the chiefs of the Christian army was not restored; so far from it, the ill-feeling was more intensely embittered.

They rebuilt Ascalon. Richard encouraged the workmen by frequently going amongst them, and even helped forward

the work with his own hands. When he asked the Duke of Austria to follow the example that he had set, Leopold, who had not forgotten the insult offered him at Ptolemais, dryly answered that "he had never been a mason nor carpenter." The irascible king, irritated at this answer, kicked him. On the instant Leopold separated himself from the army, swearing that he would be avenged on the first opportunity that offered.

The Genoese and Pisans, who formed the garrison of St. Jean d'Acre, were in arms against one another. The Genoese were desirous of surrendering the town to the care of Conrad de Montferrat ; the Pisans resolved to keep it for Richard. Conrad closely besieged the latter for eight days. Richard came to their assistance ; and on his approach Montferrat hastened his return to Tyre.

It was in this town that the Duke of Burgundy and his ten thousand soldiers had retired.

“It was here,” says Vinisauf, “that the French, who declared that they had come into the East solely from religious motives, after leaving their companions-in-arms, gave themselves up to all manner of debauch. The splendour of their dress showed the effeminacy of the men. Richly-worked belts girded their bodies. About their necks blazed precious stones. Their heads were adorned with coronets of flowers. They wielded the drinking-cup, not the sword, and passed their nights in orgies.


The sagacious minds of the army, outraged by such a scandal, threw themselves at the feet of the Duke of Burgundy, and begged him to put an end to this scandal, and to rejoin the Crusading army. He listened to their entreaties. But, though he returned to Jaffa, he camped his soldiers at a distance from the main body of the army.

Berengaria, Jane Plantagenet, Eudoxia of Cyprus, all the ladies of the Court of the

Queen of England had come to Richard's camp. The Duke of Burgundy composed songs on their sayings and doings, in which he spared neither Richard nor the princesses of his house. Richard answered in lampoons or satires, in which he spoke contemptuously of the French and their leader. Such was the spirit of contention in that army that had crossed the sea to conquer from the infidels the sacred tomb of our Lord.

CHAPTER XII.

Reflections on the Subject of the Third Crusade—
Exploits of Richard in Palestine. A.D. 1191-92.

NE remark ought to be made on the subject of the study of the Third Crusade. The majority of the pilgrim warriors only saw—only recognized one single sole object, the capture of Jerusalem, and the rescue of the sepulchre of the Blessed Jesus, which was comprehended in it ; but the leaders of the expedition seemed to prefer to the possession of the Holy City—that Holy City which had then, as it has now, a great religious prestige—the richer towns of Syria and the coast of Judea.

“The lords of Palestine,” an illustrious historian of the Crusades has said, whose

witness ought to be decisive in a matter of this nature, "the lords of Palestine, ruled by their personal interests, thought it better worth their while to obtain possession of the maritime towns than of the Holy City."

To what cause can we attribute the change that took place in the minds of the leaders of the expedition? The answer to this question seems to us to be easy and natural: the cooling of the religious excitement was succeeded by purely political combinations and human interests. But this enthusiasm, that had produced such miracles of courage and of disinterestedness during the continuance of the First Crusade, kept all its strength in the heart of the great mass of the Christians till the end of the 12th century.

"Shall we not soon march to Jerusalem?" ceaselessly inquired the soldiers of the Cross, while the princes, counts, and barons, penetrated only by sentiments of jealousy and vanity, wasted their time in

empty deliberations, or destroyed the spirits and damped the ardour of the soldiers by their shameful quarrels.

Richard, whose deeds attest his strong desire, was anxious to enter Jerusalem as a victor, and thus accomplish the solemn oath he had taken on the field of "The Riveted Elm." His love of glory, too, instigated him to the same purpose. But this achievement was not reserved for him. The obstacles which opposed his progress were greater than he had the power to overcome. He did not find his most inveterate enemies amongst the ranks of the Saracens, but amongst those who followed his standard to the field; and it was the untameable insolence of his own character, and his overbearing pride, that raised around him the obstacles to which we refer.

We shall shortly have to speak of the sad melancholy and the profound grief of the King of England when he found that he must leave that Palestine he loved so

much,—that Palestine of the old Crusaders,—without winning to himself the renown of having torn it from the grasp of the infidel. We must now recount the deeds of Richard in the Holy Land; and history, in her ineffaceable writings, has preserved the account of many of them to us.

We need say nothing of the two previous unsuccessful attempts of the Christian army to take Jerusalem; we see there also the spirit of discord amongst the leaders of the Crusade, which would have induced some of them to leave the savage mountains of Judæa for the sake of conquering the fertile plains of Egypt. It is not in Palestine only that the intrepid and adventurous spirit of Richard of England showed itself; one must see him alone in every guise, in the presence of danger, and face to face with difficulties, to form a just estimate of his valorous nature.

A short time after the battle of Arsur,

when Richard was at Jaffa, some archers in the company of certain knights of the Temple, who knew the neighbourhood, had gone into an adjacent valley to search for forage. Suddenly, a troop of Saracen horsemen fell upon them, and a fight ensued. The Christians were about to succumb to numbers, when Plantagenet, advised of the danger that threatened them, mounted his horse and galloped to their help. Right and left he charged upon the infidels, and reanimated by his example and presence the drooping courage of the archers and the Templars, and the Mussulmans separated and took to flight. Cœur-de-Lion returned to Jaffa in triumph, dragging in his train a hundred Mussulman prisoners.

Another time he was apprized that a troop of Saracen horsemen was conveying into Egypt twelve hundred captive Christians laden with chains. Followed by some chevaliers he rushed to their deliverance, and brought them to his camp

after a fierce fight, in which more than two hundred unbelievers fell by his hand.

As Saladin avoided all engagements with Richard, and kept himself closely shut up in Jerusalem, receiving all his supplies from Egypt, the king passed unceasingly from one place to another, searching for the infidels on the roads leading from Gaza to the Holy City. On one of his numerous excursions, not being able to find a foe, he chanced to see an enormous wild boar a few paces before him. The animal showed his tusks, white with foam, and seemed ready to resist the march of the king, or even to devour him. "Richard raised a loud cry, which might have waked the dead," says the chronicler, "but the ferocious brute remained motionless. He then placed his lance in the rest, and advanced towards the boar to run it through. The animal bounded forward, on one side, to seize the noble rider, when Richard plunged his lance into the boar's flank. The weapon broke in the middle.

The brute, rendered furious with the pain of the wound, raised a horrible roar, and rushed with all his might upon the king, who dashed his sword into the animal's throat, and laid him low. Then he left the boar to his followers as a booty to be surrendered to the huntsmen."

The Crusaders long talked about this brave achievement of King Richard. It was a sort of victory wonderfully admired, and sometimes earnestly sought after, when chivalry ruled the manners of men, and bravery, manifested on any occasion that presented itself, was more esteemed than any moral virtue in the judgments of the cavaliers of those days.

It was on the occasion of a hunting party, in the forest of Sharon, that Richard was in danger of being taken captive by the Saracens; he was only saved by the devoted loyalty of a Provençal gentleman, named William de Pratelles. After having ridden all the morning, the king, followed by a scanty escort, dismounted from his

horse, partook of a frugal meal, and fell asleep afterwards under a tree. His followers, who were watching around him, heard a lengthened sound through the forest. Suddenly there came in sight five or six hundred Mussulman horsemen, who raised a great shout. The king awoke, mounted his horse, seized his sword, and enacted prodigies of valour. But the struggle was vain. In the very moment of despair, when hope was gone, William de Pratelles cried out in the language of the Mussulmans, "I am Richard, the king; save my life!" The Mussulmans thought no more of any but of him, whom they believed to be the king, and made him prisoner. They led him before the Soldan, who soon perceived the mistake which his soldiers had made.

Richard did not think any ransom too great for his faithful servant, and redeemed him by restoring to the Soldan ten of the chief Emirs who had fallen into the power of the Crusaders.

One day in the month of June, 1192, some Syrians, employed by Richard to watch the movements of the enemy, brought information that a caravan composed of more than four thousand camels, and a great number of asses and mules, were coming from Egypt under an escort of two thousand Saracen soldiers, and that it had arrived at a spot in the neighbourhood of Hebron. Plantagenet made an appeal to three hundred knights, who, incited by goodwill, put themselves under his command, and boldly began their march at night. At the break of day they came to the spot where the caravan was tenting, and fell like lightning on the Saracens who were guarding it. They were scattered at the first charge, and fled like hares before the hounds. Fifteen hundred Mussulmans were slain, and the caravan was plundered. It was transporting to Saladin medicines, corn, barley, meal, basins and pots, gold and silver money, purple vestments, cuirasses, helms

mets, scimitars of wrought steel, sugar, wax, and other kinds of provision, too various to mention here.

All this immense spoil fell into the hands of Plantagenet, who reserved a portion for himself, and gave the remainder to the heroic men who had volunteered their services in this expedition. Nor did he forget those who had remained in camp, and this noble generosity of Cœur-de-Lion is like that of King David, who both rewarded those who went out to the battle, and those who took care of the baggage, as is related in the account of David's victory over the Amalekites after they had burned Ziklag, "as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The news of this great razzia filled Saladin with consternation. He believed that the success of the Christian army would determine them to march at length to Jerusalem. He caused the waters of the fountain of Siloam to be poisoned, the

only source—itself frequently exhausted—for the supply of water to be found outside the walls of the Holy City. The heights of the city of David were thronged with Mussulman soldiers.

The Soldan called together his Emirs, and said to them,—“Praise be to God, and greeting to our Prophet, to whom be honour, sanctity, and glory!”

“Emirs, you are at this moment the ramparts of Islamism. You hold in your hands the blood, the property, the families of the Mussulmans. If you are wanting in courage, we are undone! The infidels have thrown everything into confusion, and hold all in their keeping, like the angel Sigel, who, commissioned to record the actions of men, will yield up the book which he holds in his hand at the day of judgment.”

“Heavens!” answered the Emirs, “we will all perish, if necessary, in obeying your commands.”

But those transports of the chiefs of

Islamism were futile ; for there was really no possibility of the puissant arm of Plantagenet striking a blow against the walls of the city.

Desertions were of daily occurrence in the army. A number of Christians had already returned to the West ; others had retired from the army to Ptolemais or Tyre, and only waited for a fair wind to sail back to Europe. Richard, when he found himself thus abandoned and forsaken, only thought of obtaining a truce from Saladin. The Soldan demanded as a condition, the immediate demolition of the ramparts of Ascalon, which the Christians had raised with so much trouble. As soon as this answer arrived, Richard proceeded to strengthen the garrison of that place, and marched to St. Jean d'Acre, in order that he might obtain reinforcements.

During these transactions, Saladin, at the head of twenty thousand men, advanced to lay siege to Jaffa, which was defended by only a feeble garrison. The Mussul-

mans burst into the town, and burned and destroyed everything there. The soldiers of the Crusade fled to the citadel, and there defended themselves with all the bravery of despair. In this extremity, the Bishop of Jaffa demanded of Saladin a short truce ; promising, on his sacred oath, that unless the town was relieved before the expiration of the term agreed upon, he would pay him a large sum of money. The Soldan, who thought that Richard was already far away from the borders of Syria (for he knew that he cherished the idea of returning shortly to his dominions), accepted the conditions that the bishop offered without well considering them ; he had no idea at the moment that there was any Christian army in Palestine that was in a condition to march to the relief of the besieged town.

But the bishop, on the approach of Saladin, had sent a deputation to Richard to beg him to come at once, and save the town and its inhabitants. In less than an hour, Plantagenet embarked with five hun-

dred horsemen on board a small fleet, which made sail towards the besieged town. Contrary winds delayed the vessels two days off Caiapha. The impatience of Richard was at its height, and he cried out, with eyes and hands upturned to heaven:—

“O Lord God, why delayest Thou us here? Behold now the hard necessity of our position, and the pious desire of our hearts to advance!” Scarcely had the king uttered these words when a favouring breeze drove the fleet rapidly forward towards the port of Jaffa, where he arrived before the expiration of the truce.

Thousands of Saracens crowded the beach, and were ready to oppose the landing of the king and his companions. Richard, sword in hand, plunged up to the waist into the water, and reached the shore. All his companions followed him, and at the sight of them the Mussulmans were panic-stricken and unable to move. The King of England and his soldiers preci-

pitated themselves on their ranks, and made a horrible slaughter.

Richard leaped on a horse that had been brought to him by a Christian, and entered the town that the Saracens were pillaging and sacking. He attacked them, and drove them away, and then commanded his banner to be waved from the towers. He then returned to the beach, where his soldiers were fighting, and put the Saracens to flight. Saladin himself, smitten with terror, struck his tent, and fled like a timid hare.

The army of the king consisted of two thousand men, who camped with him at their head, outside the city, at a point where the Mussulmans might renew their attack.

In the middle of one of those beautiful nights, so common in the summer under the splendid sky of the East, a Genoese, posted as a sentinel in advance of the main body of the army, saw in the distance dark masses moving in profound silence from the direction of Jaffa. His ear caught the

sound of the tramping of a number of cavalry. They were Mussulmans who, ashamed of having fled before a single enemy, were returning to the scene of their defeat.

“To arms! to arms!” cried the watchful sentinel.

The warning was taken up, and repeated throughout the camp. The Crusaders rushed from their tents, armed cap-à-pie. Plantagenet donned his armour, caught up his matchless sword, mounted his war-steed, which stood saddled and bridled at the door of his tent, and proceeded to range his army in the line of battle. The lancers bent their right knees towards the ground, inclining their left hands towards their left feet, and held their shields pendant, while with their right hands they presented to the enemy the points of their lances. Within the square were placed the horsemen, the archers, and the bowmen. Then the king addressed them thus :—

“Oppose to danger a courageous front,

and you will be conquerors in the conflict! Let no soldier dream of flight! Here, where we stand, we must conquer or die! See, there is the enemy!"

The Saracens advanced in seven columns, with their bodies inclined towards the ground, and stood still before that massive wall, that the lances of the Crusaders presented. The archers and bowmen rained on the Mussulman ranks a storm of arrows. Richard was unable longer to restrain himself from joining in the conflict; he rushed from the ranks of the archers, and traversed those of the enemy; his flashing sword slaughtered a thousand foes; the heads of some he cleft in twain to the very teeth; the arms and legs of others he slashed off; such, indeed, was the strength and the energy with which he wielded his sword, that his hand was flayed and bled.

He disappeared for a moment amid the host of the Mussulmans. The Christians, not knowing what had become of their leader, trembled at the thought of his

having fallen in that dreadful carnage. But he appeared again, quite bristling with darts, looking, as the chronicler says, like “a pincushion stuck with pins.”

“Here,” says Vinisauf, an eyewitness of these prodigies of strength and valour, “here the pen of the narrator drops, and the mind of the reader is confounded. Whatever fable tells us of Antæus, History of Alexander, the Bible of Judas Macca-bæus, all fall short of the deeds of daring and bravery that Richard performed on this day. Roland yields the palm of courage to Richard. Plantagenet was an army in himself, and danger seemed to multiply his strength.” One last stroke will be sufficient to portray Richard at Jaffa.

The battle had lasted from the dawn of the day to the going down of the sun. The carcasses of fifteen hundred horses, two thousand Mussulmans, and many Christians covered the ensanguined plain. The Mussulmans who had escaped the

slaughter did not seek safety in flight, but stood motionless, stricken with terror, and unwilling to recommence the attack. Cœur-de-Lion on horseback, with lance couched, cantered before the army of Saladin, defying each Mussulman warrior; but no one was bold enough to measure his strength against that of Richard: no one accepted the challenge. He then returned to his little army, dismounted his horse, seated himself on a stone, and exclaiming, "I am hungry,—bring me some food!" he calmly partook of his meal before the infidels, who were filled with astonishment and admiration. At length they took their departure from Jaffa, and the king, covered with glory, re-entered that town, which he had saved by his valour and readiness.

Two days after, Malek-Adel sent to the brave Richard two magnificent Arab steeds. But the Christian hero would only accept them on the condition that he should be free to make use of them in fresh conflicts with the Saracens, or even with Malek-

Adel himself. On this occasion, the noble brother of Saladin made answer,—“What I have given, I have given.”

But the time had well nigh arrived when Richard's wars in Palestine were to come to an end. Terms of peace, arranged between himself and Saladin, were shortly to be concluded.

CHAPTER XIII.

Richard's Sadness—He makes Peace with Saladin
—Pilgrimage of the Bishop of Salisbury to
Jerusalem—The Prelate's Interview with the
Sultan—Departure of Richard for Europe.

THREE hours' journey to the east of Jerusalem there rises a mountain, from the top of which may be seen the Holy City. This is Mount Modin, and its name reminds us of the Maccabæan princes. We know how MATHIAS and his sons answered the envoys of Antiochus, who wished to compel them to abjure their religion ; and how that great and terrible struggle commenced, in which a handful of mountaineers resisted all the strength of a mighty monarchy. Richard, drawn on one day by the pursuit of the

Saracens, came, without knowing it, to Mount Modin. Only one attendant was at the moment with him.

“What is that which I see there in the distance?” asked the King of England, pointing with his finger to the grey towers and walls which were indistinctly drawn against the sky on the horizon.

“Sire, it is Jerusalem,” answered the esquire,

“Ah! Jerusalem!” said the Crusading King, with a profound sigh; “I am not worthy to behold you, inasmuch as I am not able to rescue you from the usurpation of the enemies of my God.”

On uttering these words he hid his face behind his shield, and wept! Those tears expressed in epic grandeur all the anguish of that soul of fire—all the immense sadness that filled it. Richard, the Ajax of the Crusade, deeming himself unworthy to behold Jerusalem, and weeping because he could not deliver it from captivity, is a sight exceedingly striking, and full of

lively emotion. One is astonished that it has never been the subject of any great painter's pencil.

To the profound disappointment that the King of England experienced at being compelled to leave Palestine without conquering the whole of it, there was added another subject of disquietude. From the commencement of the year 1192 his deputy, William Longchamp, had constantly written letters to the king, informing him of the anarchy that was desolating his realm—an anarchy of which we shall have to speak presently,—and of the intrigues of John Lackland to make himself Master of the Crown. Longchamp entreated the king to return with all speed to his kingdom.

There was in the character of Richard a mixture of harshness and gentleness, which deserves remark. As a king he appears severe in all his acts. His words as well as his sword were terrible. He had a way of darkening his features which made those

tremble who approached him. Yet this terror which the monarch inspired was succeeded by an easy confidence—an affectionate love, when he laid aside for a time his royal majesty, and gathered around him the gentlemen of his suite, whether on hunting parties, or in the tent, or at the dinner-table. He conversed familiarly with them. He indulged his humour in witticisms. He was gay—even jovial. At his banquets, where the wines of Cyprus were drunk in abundance, he allowed his guests the most entire liberty,—the utmost freedom of conversation that was compatible with due honour for God and respect for the ladies. This charming side of his character, so noticeable in the associations of his daily life, was quite hidden during the last few months of his sojourn in Palestine. Then his sadness, his melancholy, his agitation, were conspicuous. He only spoke to give indispensable instructions. His robust health gave way ; his cheeks became hollow ; his face, youthful-

looking before, was now deformed with wrinkles.

The care which Berengaria and Jane Plantagenet bestowed upon him he hardly noticed. The consolations they offered him he was almost indifferent to. These two princesses were the only persons whom he continued to receive in his tent. They prayed ; they wept. A burning fever drained Richard's strength. The medical men could not conceal their fears for their august patient.

One day, Queen Berengaria was in his presence, and she entreated him with clasped hands to throw off his garb of sadness, which she called his "mourning robe." She leaned her fair head on the monarch's knees, and, looking at him through her tears with her splendid blue eyes, said—

" Oh, my lord ; oh, my Richard, think of Christianity, whose puissant protector you are ; think of your own glory ; and think, ah ! think, also, of your wretched Beren-

garia, who loves you, and is pained to see you unhappy. Go ; you shall return to Palestine to chase the infidels from God's holy soil. Now the interests of your crown, your shaken health, demand that you quit this region, and return to your country, torn by party strife."

A superb greyhound sitting at the feet of Richard wagged his tail, in token of affection, and fixed his eye on his master.

"See, my lord," added the queen, pointing to the faithful animal ; "see, this noble hound loves you ; he joins with me in consoling you, in commiserating you."

Richard with emotion placed one hand on the head of his queen, and with the other patted the beautiful greyhound. Then he addressed Berengaria,—“ You are good, my love, and your words console me.”

He did not enter into any explanation of his words ; nor did he tell her of the determination he had come to with regard to the great affairs which occupied his mind.

The queen understood this reserve, and did not press for an explanation, but departed from Richard's tent. He accompanied her to the entrance, where his guards were in attendance, dropped her hand, inclined his head to kiss his wife, and re-entered his pavilion.

- A Poitevin priest, called William, offered different advice from that of Berengaria. He presented himself in an attitude of distress, and showed by his melancholy looks that he was grieving for the lot of the king, and when he saw him he began to weep.

"What do you wish to say to me, Sir Chaplain?" asked the king. "Tell me without circumlocution the reason of your tears."

"I cannot tell your Grace," said William, "until you promise me that you will not be angry at what I say."

"Speak, then; I give you my word."

"My lord," the priest then went on to say, "the resolution you have formed of

quitting this unhappy country gives rise to complaints in the Christian army, especially from those who have your glory most at heart. I must tell you that the reputation of a great enterprise will be imperilled by your departure. Posterity will for ever reproach you for having deserted the cause of Jesus Christ. Take care that you finish honourably what you have begun. The pilgrims of the cross look up to you as their sole stay ; do not leave them to the cruel mercies of the Saracens—the enemies of Jesus Christ. Remember your great exploits ; God is preparing you for new ones.”

Richard answered not a word to the address of the priest, who went forth from the royal presence with a reverential inclination of his head.

The most diverse and opposite ideas and sentiments crowded each other, and mixed confusedly in his head and in his heart, like the waves of the sea. The eyes of all Christendom were fixed upon him. He

knew it: he knew that the people of the West were in expectation imagining that he would rescue the holy tomb of our Saviour from the possession of the infidels; he was aware that the crowned heads of Europe, jealous of his military reputation, wished that he might fail in his enterprise, and that his pride might be brought low; neither was he ignorant that his kingdom was torn in pieces by faction and anarchy; that his detestable brother John was intriguing for the throne with the King of France and his own nobles. These matters claimed his presence in England. Duty—it may be, his first duty—called him to England. But what would Christendom answer of this brave King Richard—monarch of the Lion's heart,—to whose puissant arm it trusted for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, when on his return to Europe it was asked whether he had accomplished his great and noble mission. On the other side, his army, reduced to a very small number of fighting men, was no

longer equal in strength to, nor could combat on equal terms with, that of Saladin, who every day recruited his losses with numberless soldiers gathered from the provinces of Islamism.

“Henceforth,” says Michaud, “what could the Crusaders, enfeebled by dissensions, accomplish? Already, even, the cause of Jesus Christ was without an army for its defence, and the highways were thronged with pilgrims who, having no longer any hope of the successful issue of this holy war, retired, some to Tyre, others to Jaffa or Ptolemais, with the intention of embarking for the West.

How much these causes explain Richard’s melancholy—which has become a matter of history,—and how profoundly and poignantly they grieved his lofty soul! He came to the resolution of leaving his work unaccomplished, and of returning to his dominions. He entered thereupon into serious negotiations for peace with Saladin, who himself desired peace. The

hardships of that long war had also told heavily upon the Saracen troops, amongst whom discord and disunion were at work.

The treaty, however, agreed upon between the Sultan and Plantagenet was not called a treaty of peace, but *a truce*. Indeed, Richard wished it to be so called, because he indulged the hope of being able to return into the East to renew the war at some future season. The truce was to be in force three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours. The stipulations of the truce were that the fortifications of Ascalon should be demolished; that the Christians should retain possession of Jaffa, Cæsarea, Azur, Caïapha, Acre, and Tyre; and that the other parts of Syria and of Palestine, with the exception of the counties of Antioch and Tripoli, should remain in the possession of the Mussulmans. It was agreed that the Christians should have free access to the holy towns of Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem. No question was raised about the wood of

the true cross, which Saladin ever carefully preserved, nor of the Christian or Saracen prisoners, who were left in captivity at the disposition of their respective masters. Each side retained its own prisoners, but had power to redeem them if it chose.

In the main, both the Christians and the Saracens were glad of the truce, which put an end for a time to a war of extermination. If one may believe an Arab author, the two armies mixed in friendly intercourse. "One would have said," he adds, "that the two armies had been always on very intimate terms."

The Soldan expressed the highest admiration for Richard. He was heard to say that if it pleased God that Jerusalem should one day fall before the chivalry of the West, he had rather that it should be reduced by the sword of Richard than of any other prince.

How short-sighted is the forecast of mortals! While they are busy directing

the affairs of the future, they know **not** the events of the morrow. In truth, a **few** months after—in February, A.D. 1193—the Soldan expired at Damascus. By his orders one of his Emirs carried through the streets of that town a funeral pall, crying out in a loud voice, “This is all that remains to Saladin, the conqueror of the East.” At the same time Richard also was in captivity in Germany.

When the peace was ratified, numbers of the Crusaders, under the protection of the Saracen soldiers, paid a visit to Jerusalem, which they had been unable to win by force of arms. The Bishop of Salisbury, whose virtues were well known and admired by the Saracens themselves, went on pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre in the name of Richard. Saladin received him with very great honours, and offered him a lodging in his own palace. The Bishop made answer, expressing his acknowledgment of the favour, and assuring the Soldan that he was only a poor pilgrim,

whom a cell would suit better than a palace. The Soldan showed him the wood of the true cross, which the Bishop moistened with his tears, and worshipped on his knees.

The following conversation commenced between the Commander of the Faithful and the Bishop :—

SALADIN : “ Tell me what you think of the King of England.”

THE BISHOP : “ Since you wish me, my lord, to speak of the king, my master, I will tell you truly what I think of him. There is no commander in the world that equals him in ability, courage, and greatness of soul. One cannot praise too highly the nobility of his manners and his dignity in all things. What more can I say to you ? If I were to compare your virtues with those of King Richard, I should say that if each of you had united in his own person the good qualities of the other (I dismiss from the account your respective shortcomings), there would not be found in

the world any prince that could be compared to the one or the other."

SALADIN: "I acknowledge that your prince has had allotted to him a generous spirit, an intrepid soul, but he is wanting in prudence; he exposes himself too much to danger. I admire sagacity and modesty more in a great prince than daring and pride."

On another occasion Saladin spoke of Richard thus: "If some great captain had under his command a thousand soldiers like the King of England, he could conquer the world."

Saladin's various judgments of Richard's character seems worthy of record in a history of that prince.

The Bishop of Salisbury then took his leave of Saladin, from whom he obtained a license to two priests and two deacons to celebrate divine ministrations after the Latin form, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, with the Syrian ecclesiastics, who had not ceased during the war to

discharge the duties of holy ministration at the tomb of Jesus Christ.

The cities of Palestine which remained in the hands of the Christians were confided to the government of Henry, Count of Champagne, nephew both of Richard and of Philip Augustus. Henry had married Isabella, widow of Conrad de Montferrat, Marquis of Tyre. This princess had given the rights of a sovereign to three husbands, without having the power herself of exercising royal authority. Guy de Lusignan, thus stripped of his kingdom of Jerusalem, was content to accept that of Cyprus, as we have mentioned before. But he had to pay the Templars for that possession, because Richard had sold or mortgaged the island to them.

Richard, before he took leave of Palestine, distributed presents of money with great liberality. He only reserved for himself a few precious articles from the immense booty he had captured, when he plundered the Saracen caravan : the great

bulk of the booty he distributed amongst the Christians of the Holy Land.


One night in the month of October, in the year 1192, a vessel sailed into the port of St. Jean d'Acre, on board of which Richard proceeded. A huge crowd stood on the shore. On every side were heard exclamations and sobbing. Prayers of the most ardent nature ascended to heaven for the safety of the English monarch. They talked of his valour, of his bounty, of his virtues. "O Land of Palestine! O City of Jerusalem!" men said on every side, "you are deprived of a mighty benefactor! Should the Saracens break the truce, who will come to your defence, now that the King of England is leaving your shores?"

The vessel left the port, and sailed all the night under the clear stars. At break of day Richard came on deck. He was sad and thoughtful. Slowly from his view faded the shores of Palestine. Far, far away in the distance rose the blue peak of Carmel, and the eyes of the crusading

monarch filled with tears and overflowed as he exclaimed, "O blessed soil, I leave you to God's care! If Heaven grants me a lengthened term of days; if it be the will of God that I should come to your relief, you will see me again ere long." And the vessel with crowded sail proceeded on her voyage over the vast ocean.

CHAPTER XIV.

Motives which induced Richard to travel over the Continent of Europe, rather than undertake a Sea Voyage—Adventures in Istria and Germany—Blondel—Richard's Lament.

OME days before the departure of Richard for Europe, his vessels, which had remained in the port of St. Jean d'Acre, had stood out to sea. On board of one of them were the Queen Berengaria, Jane Plantagenet, and Eudoxia. After a favourable voyage they arrived at Messina, and shortly made sail for England.

It is easy to understand the motives which induced Richard to travel across the Continent on his way to England, rather than sail in company with his fleet.

Embroiled as he was with the princes of Europe, and knowing that his brother John was in league against him with Philip Augustus, he dreaded some plot against his life or person. He knew that snares were everywhere laid for him on his way, and he hoped to escape the machinations of his enemies by preserving a strict incognito.

Besides his crew, which consisted of thirty men, Plantagenet only took with him in his vessel Baldwin de Bethune, William de l'Etang, Master Philip, his secretary, Anselm, his chaplain, some Knights of the Temple, and a servant man. He laid aside his royal dress, and wore the clothes of a Norman merchant of the period, and went by the name of Hugh the Merchant. To render his disguise complete, he let his beard grow, and his long chestnut hair fell carelessly over his massive neck. His trusty sword, hidden under the ample folds of his clothing, left not his side day nor night.

He intended, after landing on some undetermined point, to lay aside his merchant's dress, and take the pilgrim's staff and scrip ; and thus passing through Europe as a pilgrim, on his way from the Holy Land, reach his kingdom. It was a plan that pleased his adventurous imagination. To deceive his numerous and watchful kingly foes in this manner ; to avoid their snares by travelling, without their knowledge, through their realms ; and then to make himself known in Normandy or in England,—this was, so to say, to become a fox that he might catch the wolves, and turn into a lion to devour the wolves at the first opportunity.

But of what use was it to the king to make himself of less account than the meanest of his servants ? Marius gained nothing by hiding in the marshes of Minturnæ, nor was Achilles profited by dressing in the garments of women, and joining in their dances at the court of Lycomedes. A king can no more dis-

guise himself than a mountain can be hidden.

Richard's vessel, tossed by contrary winds, reached Corfu after a laborious passage of one month's duration, in so damaged a state that the king was compelled to hire three galleys to transport him from that island to Ragusa.

Again he put to sea, and a dreadful tempest cast him on the coast of Istria, between Aquileia and Venice. From thence he came by land to Goritz, a town of Illyria, built on the river Isonzo, where, six hundred and forty-four years after, died in exile a descendant of St. Louis, hurled from the throne by a revolution.

The first thread of the web of a long series of plots woven for Richard entangled him at Goritz, where lived Count Maynard, a nephew of that Conrad de Montferrat who was assassinated in the streets of Tyre. Now, Maynard believed that the King of England was guilty of that deed, and he was only waiting for an opportunity to

revenge his uncle's death. Did Richard (whom it would be unjust and absurd to accuse of so cowardly a murder) suspect the designs of Maynard? The haste he made to quit Goritz makes one think that he did.

Plantagenet's servant, who knew German, went to Maynard, and offered him a gold ring, set with a splendid ruby, and asked in return for it a safe conduct for some pilgrims journeying from the Holy Land.

"This ring," answered the lord of Goritz, "is the gift of a prince. Is it not a present from the King Richard who, they say, has left Palestine, and is returning to his own country? If it is his, go and tell him that I am his friend. I have not forgotten that he has done me the honour of making me presents before, without knowing me."

The servant answered that "he did not know King Richard." He departed from the castellan, and came to the prince to report the words he had heard.

“By St. George!” said the king, “the count shall not catch me like a rat in a trap.”

Forthwith, the king thought only of providing horses ; but could buy no more than three,—one for himself, another for William de l’Etang, and a third for his servant. Then the little band made their escape during the night, without knowing well where they were going. Maynard’s emissaries, sent to seize Richard, swooped upon Baldwin de Bethune and six of his companions, whom they put in prison. The three fugitives crossed the Julian Alps, and came to Treisach, where lived Betesoff, Maynard’s brother. He had already been warned that Richard would traverse his estates, and he had orders to apprehend him. Betesoff deputed Roger d’Argentau, a Norman gentleman, a retainer in his house for many years, to discover the king and arrest him. Roger found the English monarch at an inn.

“Fly,” he said to him, “fly, O my liege; your enemies are on your track!”

The king mounted his horse, crossed the Drave, and came to Klagenfurth, Glæetz, Brunn, and arrived at Vienna in December, 1192, with William de l'Etang and his servant almost dead, like the king, with fatigue and hunger.

Leopold, Duke of Austria, so seriously outraged and insulted by Richard in the East, was residing in Vienna, the city that Richard reached,—a fugitive, without arms and defenceless. Warned by Betesoff of the presence of the King of England in his territories, Leopold ordered a search to be made everywhere for Richard, that he might lay hands on him.

If the monarch's health had allowed him to continue his journey from Vienna, he would, perhaps, have escaped from the hands of his cruel and dastardly enemy; but the old fever returned, and brought with it such weakness that he could not stir from the inn, in the faubourgs of the capital of Austria, where he had taken up his quarters. This was the cause of all

his misfortunes. His servant was sent to market to buy necessities, and imprudently showed some foreign pieces of gold ; this excited curiosity, and raised suspicions ; he was questioned straitly as to his condition, and what brought him to Vienna ? He assured his questioners that his master was a rich merchant, who had arrived at the city only within three days. Finally, the emissaries of the duke arrested him, then put him to the torture ; when, racked by intolerable pain, he told the whole truth.

Armed men surrounded Richard's abode. Thirty of them entered his chamber ; they found him stretched on a wretched truckle bed, with William de l'Etang by his side, suffering as much from illness as his august master. Requested by these soldiers to follow them, he said, "The King of England follows not such as you. We shall not surrender ourselves to you. Let your master come and receive our sword !"

The soldiers, struck with respect and

fear, in the presence of the Lion disabled by sickness, yet preserving in his bearing and demeanour all his noble pride, and all his bravery, involuntarily lowered their heads in token of reverence; and one of them went to look for Leopold, who soon after made his appearance.

Richard raised himself with difficulty, advanced towards him and said :—

“I am your prisoner; here is my sword.”

The duke threw the King of England into prison, where he kept him under strict surveillance, until he sold him to the Emperor Henry VI. for sixty thousand pounds of silver. He, too, was waiting to wreak his vengeance on the valiant hero, the terror of the Saracens, when, in January, 1193, he thus fell into his power.

As we have stated in the sixth chapter of this work, William II., the husband of Jane Plantagenet, had died without issue, and his crown reverted by hereditary right to Constance, the deceased king's sister, who was the wife of Henry VI., Emperor

of Germany. Now, notwithstanding the claims and protests of the emperor, Richard had publicly acknowledged Tancred as King of Sicily, during his sojourn in that island. The sordid emperor, Henry VI., was guilty of a grievous wrong in throwing Richard into irons, and driving a bargain for his person. He shut the hero up in the castle of Worms, a city which now forms a part of the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt.

Philip Augustus, since the assassination of Conrad, Marquis de Montferrat, a crime of which he also accused Richard, ceased not to surround himself with a guard of soldiers whenever he appeared in public, affecting to believe that he feared the secret dagger of assassins in the pay of the King of England. When Philip was informed of the captivity of Richard, he was unable to conceal his joy. He at once wrote to the emperor to felicitate him on his capture, and to press upon him the necessity of guarding him with care, "be-

cause," the letter went on to say, "the world will never be at rest so long as such a discord-monger is allowed to be at liberty."

Philip de Dreux, Bishop of Beauvais, a near relation of Philip Augustus, was the bearer of this letter of the King of France to Henry VI. ; and it is worthy of remark, that after this interview between the emperor and the bishop, the severity of Richard's treatment in prison was much increased. An iron chain attached to a ring riveted to the wall girt his waist. Soldiers with drawn swords in their hands stood over him night and day. We shall see shortly how Richard revenged himself on the Bishop of Beauvais, on whom he laid the blame, not without reason, of all the suffering he was compelled unjustly to endure. Never, perhaps, had any man so many or so powerful enemies as Richard Plantagenet. He had, however, one good and faithful friend,—the very model of faithfulness, if one may believe a chronicler,

or rather a romancist, of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Who has not heard of the minstrel Blondel, searching through Germany, harp in hand, for his loved Richard—his dear fellow-harper? and who does not know that he found him at last closely guarded in his lonely prison, quite separated from the intercourse of men?

Blondel had vowed that he would search for his master in every land until he found him, and by chance he came into Germany, where his noble master was pining in captivity. Under the walls of the castle the minstrel played on his harp many sweet airs. Richard listening, heard, looked from the window of his prison, and saw the gentle troubadour. Then the king made himself known by singing the first two lines of a song that he had once composed with Blondel, for the king had a very correct ear; and forthwith the minstrel sang the two lines following, and Richard knew that his captivity was drawing to a close.

"Good sir," said Blondel to the castellan, "I have a desire to go back to my own country, if you will grant me permission."

The castellan gave him a safe-conduct, and Blondel informed Christian Europe that the brave King Richard was confined in a German castle.

Is this history, or is it not? Is it romance? It is impossible to say. It has become a popular tradition, and in a work of this kind one cannot ignore even a romance that has won the popular ear.

One thing is certain, namely, that Richard had an excellent ear, that is to say, he wrote verses sometimes, and was passionately fond of music. He composed songs in prison, some of which have survived to our times. Here is a free translation of one of his compositions. If it has no great poetic merit, it is at least interesting, because it is the production of an illustrious prince and brave warrior, chanting

his lamentations in the gloom of his prison :—

How sad my lot, how gloomy is my state !
What can I do but chant my dreary lays ?
A prisoner, captive in the hands of fate,
Can only know how cheerless are my days.
Where are my friends—flow down, alas ! my tears—
Where the companions of my early years ?

Subjects I have, Poitevins, English true,
Gascons and Normans owing castles fair ;
Will none in pity come to my rescue,
And ransom me from sorrow and despair ?
Where are my friends—flow down, alas ! my tears—
Where the companions of my early years ?

Ah, England ! shame on thee to leave thy king
Unransom'd here beneath a tyrant's power !
List to the words that through all Europe ring !
Infamy pours on thee disgrace's shower !
Where are my friends—flow down, alas ! my tears—
Where the companions of my early years ?


Was it a foe who did me this sore wrong ?
An enemy who ravaged my broad fields ?
False are all oaths, all protestations strong,
A brother aids the might that malice wields.
Where are my friends—flow down, alas ! my tears—
Where the companions of my early years ?

Let us now cast a rapid glance at the state of affairs in England during the absence of Richard in Palestine.



CHAPTER XV.

The State of England during Richard's absence in the Holy Land. A.D. 1190—1192.

 HE person to whose care Richard confided the government of the realm when he joined the Crusade, William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, was one of those who at that period bought their great dignities for ready money. The king asked and obtained for him the title of Legate of the Holy See; and thus Longchamp was invested with the highest dignity in the Church and in the State.

By birth a Norman, of obscure descent, of corrupt morals, gifted with considerable intelligence, active, ambitious, at the same time rapacious and prodigal, William Longchamp, who otherwise succeeded in pre-

serving the royal prerogative for his master, yet was not able to conciliate the goodwill of those about him ; but by the pomp and ostentation he displayed in the exercise of the powers entrusted to him, first created distrust, then open hostility.

At the head of all decrees and ordinances of a purely civil nature, issued by his authority, were prefixed these words : “ William, by the Grace of God, Bishop of Ely, Lord High Chancellor, Justiciary of all England, and Legate of the Holy Apostolic See, greeting.”

Fifteen hundred horsemen, magnificently mounted, escorted him in his walks and on his journeys through the realm. He made his progress through the country to the sound of military music. Poets wrote songs in celebration of his deeds. But a man ought not to desire to be praised on earth as God is in heaven. Adulation turned his brain. He weighed the people down with taxes. Men were deemed fortunate that were admitted to

familiar intercourse with him. He gave his nieces, imported from Normandy, in marriage to the sons of the greatest barons.

No land came into the market which he did not buy; no abbey fell vacant that he did not dispose of to his taste; no castles or manors were committed to his care of which he did not make himself master either by purchase or violence. When he wished to replenish his coffers, drained by the purchase of his high dignities, he put his money out to usury. England was hushed in his presence.

Such a man might be feared, but was incapable of inspiring love. His most implacable enemy was John Lackland, Count of Mortaigne.

The keen sagacity of the Norman minister had divined the secret intentions of the Count de Mortaigne, who desired to seize the crown in anticipation of his brother's death in the Holy Land, and in prejudice of the right of Arthur, Duke of

Brittany, to whom Cœur-de-Lion had bequeathed it by a solemn act in Sicily.

William unmasked the secret purposes and criminal projects of the Count of Mortaigne, and treated him as an enemy to the throne. The king by his chancellor, in frequent letters, was well informed of all that passed. To render the designs of John of no effect, the English king gave Longchamp orders to contract a secret alliance with the King of Scotland, that he might have, if necessary, a powerful aid in support of his nephew Arthur.

The chancellor was the most formidable obstacle to the ambition of John, and he determined to crush him. As the conduct of William had, unhappily, given an advantage to his enemy, and complaints as to his administration were expressed on every side, the Count de Mortaigne overwhelmed him with sarcasms, and sought to ruin him in the opinion of the public.

This endeavour to ruin him by slander only, proceeding too slowly for his wishes,

he sought to accomplish his purpose at once by force of arms. At the head of a large body of troops, John Lackland made himself master of many of the royal castles. Whereupon William, unable to cope with his adversary in the field, entered into negotiations with the rebel prince. It was agreed that a certain number of fortresses should be placed under the charge of different barons, who swore that they would hold them for Richard during his life, and surrender them to the Count de Mortaigne in case the crusading monarch died. By this arrangement John Lackland gained an important point, and made a further step towards the object of his ambition. William had only consented to the arrangement to gain time; he kept hoping that Richard would return to his kingdom and chastise his rebellious brother.

This quarrel opened the way to another not less disastrous to the minister. Geoffrey, a natural son of Henry II., had been chosen Bishop of Lincoln in 1175. He had re-

signed this dignity after having held it seven years. At the time of the revolt of Richard and his brothers against their father's authority, Geoffrey embraced warmly the side of the king, Henry. One day, when he had brought up some troops to the support of his father, the king embraced him, and cried,—“You are my legitimate son ; the others are bastards !”

Geoffrey, who had strongly condemned the bad conduct of his brothers, Richard and John, and especially that of Richard, incurred the resentment of the latter. When, however, he came to the throne, Cœur-de-Lion made Geoffrey Archbishop of York. But the distrust with which he inspired him was so great, that he forbade the prelates of his realm to consecrate Geoffrey to his new dignity. He proceeded further. On joining the Crusade he ordered him to leave England, and, during his absence, reside in Normandy ; and Geoffrey thought fit to promise his obedience on oath.

Yet, in the year 1191, Bartholomew, Archbishop of Tours, consecrated Geoffrey to the see of York, under the express command of Pope Clement III.; and he thereupon, notwithstanding his oath, returned to England with a numerous suite, and landed at Dover. The chancellor, informed of his arrival, sent orders to the governor of that town to exact from Geoffrey an oath of obedience to himself, or to compel his immediate departure to the continent.

“Never!” haughtily responded Geoffrey, “never will I submit to a traitor!”

He immediately repaired to the church of Dover, as an inviolable refuge, and placed himself at the foot of the high altar, clothed in his archiepiscopal vestments, and holding in his hand a crucifix. The chancellor’s soldiers entered the church sword in hand, laid hold of the archbishop, tore him from the altar, to which he clung, dragged him through the streets, and then threw him into a dungeon of the castle.

At the desire, however, of the Bishop of

London, Geoffrey obtained his liberty on the condition that he should do nothing against the chancellor's authority ; and, a few days after, he entered London amid the acclamations of the clergy and the people.

That deplorable event completed the ruin of Longchamp. The Count of Mortaigne, who had hitherto regarded his illegitimate brother as an enemy, was now induced to pay him every mark of affection and respect. Geoffrey, on his knees, begged him to avenge the insult passed upon his person, and his character as a bishop. John embraced him, and swore that he would avenge the insult. Longchamp's numerous enemies triumphed. The power of the haughty minister had at length come to an end.

John convoked a general assembly of bishops and barons at Reading, in Berkshire. William entered his protest against this illegal convocation, and forbade the dignitaries of the realm to obey a prince

who was aiming at sovereign power. But they made no account of the orders of the minister, and the meeting took place. Two documents, the authenticity of which is not established by history, were produced at the meeting; the one was a pretended letter from Richard, in which the king nominated a Council of Regency, in case the chancellor should not faithfully discharge the affairs of the nation; the other designated William, Archbishop of Rouen, the same to whom Richard wrote an account of the battle of Arsur, as president of the Council. The assembly decided that the contingency provided for by the king had occurred, for Longchamp had unworthily abused the power that had been intrusted to him; and the Council of Regency, composed of four members and a president, undertook the business of the government.

John marched to London with his troops to drive away the Bishop of Ely, who shut himself up in the Tower of that city, with

the knights of his party who had remained faithful to his interests. The soldiers of the count and those of Longchamp came to blows; blood was spilt; and the city was thrown into the greatest consternation and disorder.

The convocation of Reading met again in the church of St. Paul, in London. Longchamp consented to be present himself, and to plead his cause before his peers; and, after a long debate, the assembly a second time declared that Longchamp was guilty of great dereliction of duty, and had forfeited his high offices. At the same time the assembly vindicated its fidelity to King Richard.

Longchamp fled to Dover. He exchanged his priest's dress for that of a woman. When, in this disguise, he was about to embark for Calais, the women of the town and the sailors recognized him, tore off his woman's dress, hooted, insulted, beat him, dragged him through the streets of Dover, and threw him into the same prison in

which he had confined the Archbishop of York.

“Would to God,” says Matthew Paris here, “that in this misadventure humanity only had been injured and maltreated, and that the priestly office had escaped disgrace!”

He who had trailed the Archbishop of York through the streets, was himself dragged through the town; he was laid hands on who had given orders that the archbishop should be seized; he who put him in chains was himself loaded with irons; he who had shut up in prison an ecclesiastic was himself confined in a dungeon; that that unseemly violence which he used should be marked by a worthy punishment.

The unfortunate William Longchamp shortly after obtained leave to retire to his country, Normandy, in the year 1191. He made one other abortive attempt to re-establish his former power. When Pope Clement III. died, he obtained from his

successor, Celestine III., the renewal of his powers as legate of the Holy See in England, and thereupon launched on his most violent enemies the thunders of excommunication. But they made no account of them. They told him, indeed, that the authority of legate might not be exercised by any who did not reside in the country to which his legatine powers attached.

William was then sufficiently courageous to return to England ; but he found the Council of Regency so strong and menacing, that he thought it prudent to return to Normandy, and there await the return of his sovereign.

Such was the state of affairs in England when the news of Richard's departure from St. Jean d'Acre reached this country.

The doors of the prison of Worms were hardly closed upon him, when he learned that Philip Augustus was threatening Normandy, and that his brother John was

renewing his intrigues for the crown of England.

“I am not surprised,” were his words, “at the attempts of the King of France, and if God gives me my good sword again I will defend my territory. As to my brother John, he gives me no uneasiness ; he is not the man to fight his way to a crown, and so long as I live he shall not be the King of England.”

CHAPTER XVI.

Letters of Queen Eleanor to the Pope on her Son's Captivity—Alliance between John Lackland and Philip Augustus—Invasion of Normandy by the King of France—Massacre of Evreux—Richard before the German Diet—His Ransom fixed—Propositions of Philip and John Lackland—Richard's Freedom—His Return to England.

THE record of Richard's captivity is presented to us in history, with a full accompaniment of mean hatred, of low revenge, of wretched greediness, and of sordid calculation. Those monarchs speculating on his misfortunes, and not daring to attack openly, lance in hand, this lion of a thousand fights, of whose great exploits the world had talked; keeping him in chains, as if they had made him prisoner on the field of battle;

laughing at his lengthened sufferings ; invading his territories when he was no longer there to defend them, afford truly a sight unworthy of humanity, and contrast in a startling manner with the chivalrous ideas of the times.

But these revolting iniquities were energetically condemned by a woman and a mother. Listen to Eleanor of Aquitaine, writing to Pope Celestine III., and beseeching him in her letters to intercede for her son, and hurl the thunders of the Church at the offenders, those royal gaolers :—

“ I had resolved to keep silence,” said the Queen-mother to the Sovereign Pontiff, “ through fear, lest, from the abundance of the heart and the greatness of my sorrow, there should escape from my mouth any expression against the successor of Peter which might seem to be the utterance of insolence or presumption ; for sorrow when it flows with impetuosity is not unlike delirium. But I must speak ; and be not

astonished if the weight of my afflictions renders me unguarded in my words ; for I mourn over a public calamity. Nations in perplexity, peoples in distress, provinces laid waste, the Church of the West in tears, supplicate you, O most Holy Father, to deliver us from our miseries.

“Our royal son is in prison. The tyrant who holds him under his power is ever contriving against him some new iniquity. He has taken him prisoner during the Holy War, when he was under the protection of the God of Heaven, and whilst he was defending the Church. That monster is murdering my son, whom he has put in irons ; he is contemplating how he shall dispose of his prey.

“If the Church remains silent, then let God arise and judge our cause. Where is the zeal of Elijah against Ahab ? of John against Herod ? of Basil against Valens ? In the general cry of compassion for the prisoner, and of indignation against his gaoler, you have not once sent your

Holiness's Nuncio to expostulate with the guilty prince ; and yet, on far less important matters you send your cardinals, accredited with great powers, even to the ends of the earth."

Eleanor's second letter to the Pope :—

"The distance which separates me from you, Most Holy Father, hinders me from speaking to you face to face. Yet I must disclose my grief. I am wasted with disappointment. My years are gliding away in sorrow. My heart is torn. I have lost the support—the friend of my old age, the light of my eyes. I have lost my son, and I demand him from you. O my son ! would that I might have died for thee. Mother of Mercy ! Holy Virgin ! look upon the misery of a mother.

"The King, my King, Richard, is in irons. His brother John is ravaging his dominions. . . . I am in doubt and uncertainty. If I take my departure—if I leave my son's dominions, the realm will be deprived of my counsel and consolation ;

if I remain, I may not behold the face of my son. O impious and cruel tyrants ! do you not fear to place your sacrilegious hands on the anointed of the Lord ? and will he not arise to avenge himself ? Does the Prince of the Apostles reign and issue his commands from the apostolic chair ? Holy Father ! unsheath the sword of Peter to defend the right, to punish the doer of wrong. The cross of Christ is higher than the eagles of Cæsar ; the arm of Peter is mightier than the sword of Constantine ; the apostolic chair is more righteous than the imperial throne. Thy might, Most Holy Father, is derived from God and not from man."

Eleanor's third letter to the Pope :—

" I have frequently written to you, Most Holy Father. I have offered the sacrifice of my heart, and a contrite and humble spirit. As I have undertaken the task, I will speak once more to my lord, though I am only dust and ashes. No one has yet told me ' Thy son Joseph is alive ! He has

been drawn from the pit. No cruel beast has devoured him.' O vile beast, more cruel than the tiger, thou hast disposed of the soldier of Christ to the emperor ; thou hast made merchandise of the anointed of the Lord ; thou hast taken a price for the pilgrim of the crucified Jesus ; thou hast sold my son to an enemy even more implacable than thyself. From the prison of Leopold he has passed into the dungeon of Henry. Since Judas Iscariot, no man has been so daringly wicked in violating the law of the Most High, in so maliciously betraying the righteous.

"Justice, equity, the fear of God, faith, religion, honour—have they entirely disappeared from the earth? Then arise, my lord ! O Sovereign Pontiff ! if the grief of an unhappy mother—a sinful woman does not move you, listen at least to the cries of the poor, the groans of the prisoners. Commiserate the murder of the helpless, the spoliation of churches, the general persecution of the saints. Cover my son

with the shield of your beneficence and favour. Thrice hast thou passed thy word that thou wouldst send thy legates to deliver him, and they yet delay their journey. Ah, I see well that, had my son been sitting on the throne, they would have been sent in all haste on a simple appeal, because they would have expected a large recompense of reward. But what recompense can be greater or more glorious than the satisfaction of having given liberty to a captive king, peace to his people, repose to the saints of God, and joy to all men?

“The kings and princes of the earth are knit together in hatred against my son, against God’s anointed. One confines him in irons, another devastates his territories; one holds him down, another flays him, while the Sovereign Pontiff looks on and hides the sword of St. Peter in its scabbard.”

‘ All the peoples of Europe sympathized with Eleanor in her indignation, and shared

her grief. The news of the seizure and detention of Richard in Austria by the Duke, ran like wildfire through Christendom, and produced an immense sensation. Those princes alone to whom the name of Richard was a terror and a reproach, rejoiced at and profited by the event.

Moved at last by the importunities and grief of Eleanor, the Pope, Celestine III., demanded, but in vain, the liberation of the king. Nay, he went further, and thundered against Leopold and Henry the terrible warnings of the Vatican. But they braved the terrors of the Holy See.

As soon as John heard of the detention of his brother in Austria he made haste to visit Paris, where he was kindly received by Philip. He made over to the French king certain parts of Normandy, and acknowledged his suzerainty for the portion of that fine province that remained to the crown of England.

He then returned to England, and

at the head of an army of mercenaries caused himself to be proclaimed king. But he met with an energetic and noble resistance from the prelates and high barons, who unfurled the royal standard, and defeated the bravos whom John had taken into his pay; and he was compelled to sue for an armistice, form new plans of operation, and watch the course of events.

Considering that Richard had forfeited all right to the crown, Philip, who on this occasion played a part unworthy of a great king, sent the captive monarch word that he "remitted his homage as an ancient vassal of the crown of France, unfaithful to the oath he had sworn at Nonancourt, and renewed at Vezelay." He marched at once into Normandy with a numerous army as a conqueror. He captured Vernon, Passy-sur-Eure, Gisors, all the Vexin, and extended his power over the county of Aumale as far as Dieppe and Vaudreuil.

Philip then laid siege to Rouen, defended

by the valiant Earl of Essex, who had lately returned from the Holy Land. In a fiery speech the earl disclosed to the inhabitants of the capital of Normandy Philip's treachery in leaving Syria, and his cowardice in turning his back upon the Saracens. He extolled their patriotism by drawing a striking picture of the desolation that surrounded their city. So forcible was his speech, that all resolved to conquer or die. The very women even flew to arms, and from the top of the walls poured boiling pitch on the heads of the assailants. Philip's war-engines were destroyed, and in a moment of heroic despair the Norman garrison opened the gates of Rouen, and invited the King of France to enter if he dared. He thought it wise to retire, and made himself master of the city of Evreux, which he entrusted to the care of John Lackland, his ally, while he himself marched to Verneuil, which he besieged.

With a caprice more worthy of Nero

than of a Christian prince, the Count de Mortaigne invited to a banquet at the castle of Evreux, three hundred of the chief inhabitants of that town. During the feast he introduced a number of English soldiers, who massacred all the guests and exposed their bleeding heads on the walls of the town.

When Philip heard of this horrible butchery he raised the siege of Verneuil, and hastened to Evreux, which was laxly defended by the English, took the town, and set fire to it, intending to burn Lackland at the same time; but the butcher prince had made his escape.

While these events were passing in Normandy, the fallen minister, William Longchamp, the real Blondel of history, was wandering through Germany searching everywhere for the prison in which Richard was confined. In the end he discovered it; and shortly after deputies were sent by the Council of Regency after him, who, admitted into the presence o

Richard, fell on their knees and embraced him with tears.

“Ah,” said the king, moved by this touching demonstration of loyalty and love, “I am not then quite forgotten on earth. Friends, may God render to you all the good which you bring me grieving in my prison ;” and he pressed to his heart all those faithful servants who had come from afar to sympathize with him, to console him, and to tell him that England would shortly raise the money that was required for his ransom.

Longchamp threw himself at the feet of Henry VI., and prayed him to give his master liberty, and to save his realm from the horrors of a civil war. The emperor came to the decision that Richard should be tried before the Germanic Diet, assembled at Hazenau, now one of the chief towns of the arrondissement of the department of Bas Rhin.

The King of England agreed to appear before this incompetent tribunal, over

which Henry VI. presided in person, in April, 1193. He listened in silence and with attention to the charges brought against him. These were six in number:—

1. That he had supported the bastard Tancred in usurping the throne of Sicily.

2. That he had on several occasions failed in his loyalty to the King of France, his suzerain.

3. That he had unjustly dethroned the King of Cyprus, and given his crown to a foreigner, Guy de Lusignan.

4. That he had insulted the German nation by causing the banner of the Duke of Austria to be cast into a ditch.

5. That he had commissioned and paid assassins to murder Conrad de Montferrat.

6. That he had entered into a compact with Saladin to restore Jerusalem to the infidels, and that he had accepted gifts and presents from the Sultan.

Richard standing, his hands laden with irons, answered his accusers in these terms:—"I was born in that rank that

gives account of its actions to God alone ; yet are they of such a nature that I fear not that man's judgment will condemn them, least of all thine, O mighty and just monarch.

“My connection with the King of Sicily is not a matter that need disquiet you. I could treat with a man in necessary matters without offence to a prince who was my friend. As to the King of France, I know of nothing at which he ought to be offended, except that I have been more fortunate than he ; for whether it was chance or fortune, I have achieved more glory than he, and have done that which he would willingly have done. That is all my fault so far as he is concerned. As to the tyrant of Cyprus, you all know that I only avenged myself for insults which I was the first to receive. In avenging myself I delivered from subjection the people whom he had oppressed. I have disposed of my conquest, as I had every right to do ; but if any one had reason to find fault

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in the matter it was the Emperor of Constantinople, for whom neither you nor I have any great regard.

“The Duke of Austria is sufficiently avenged for the insult of which he complains, and he ought not to prefer it in my indictment. He made the first mistake in hoisting his colours in a town where the King of France and I commanded in person. I allow that I punished him too severely; he has retaliated twofold the injury I did him. If he has no misgiving of a revenge which Christianity forbids, his conscience is very light and easy.

“The assassination of the Marquis of Montferrat is also objected to me—a deed rendered somewhat probable by my supposed friendship with the Soldan. Hitherto I have never shown myself so much afraid of my enemies as to lead any to imagine that I should take secret vengeance on my foes; and surely Saladin has suffered enough at my hand to induce you to judge that, at least, if I have not been

deceived, I certainly have never been his friend.

“ My actions speak for me, and justify me more than can my words. Acre captured, two battles won, faction defeated, convoys plundered of enormous riches, whereby I am personally no gainer,—these are my witnesses that I have not spared Saladin. I have from time to time received gifts from this Saracen, who is commendable not less for his courtesy and his generosity than for his valour and his prudence. But the King of France has accepted presents from the Soldan as well as I. These are the civilities that pass without blame between brave soldiers in time of war.

“ You may allege that I have not taken the city of Jerusalem. But I should have captured it if I had had the opportunity. It is not my fault, but the fault of my enemies ; and I do not think that any equitable man can blame me for desisting from such an enterprise, when my subjects in England were crying out for aid, and

had been so long and so sorely oppressed, that the hope of succour had well-nigh gone.

“My lords, I have thus shown you the injustice of the accusations brought against me. Just and generous as you are, you will, without doubt, acknowledge my innocence ; and if I am not deceived, your hearts will also be touched with compassion for my misfortunes.”

It is said that Richard's words, his noble attitude, his assured and majestic calmness, sensibly affected Henry VI., who ordered the chains to be struck from the hands of his royal prisoner. The Diet, whose sympathy was at once accorded to the august king, declared that he ought instantly to be restored to liberty ; but the emperor still kept him in irons, and consented only to treat about his ransom. Of this we will say a few words.

He had bought Richard of Leopold for fifty thousand pounds ; he wanted twice that sum for him. The King of England

promised to pay it. It is even said that Richard acknowledged himself a vassal of the German emperor, who gave him in return, by an authentic deed, the Viennois, the Lyonnais, Marseilles and Arles (provinces and towns over which the emperor had only uncertain and contested rights). It was agreed also that Richard should give Isaac, the last King of Cyprus, his liberty, but not his possessions, and that Eudoxia, Isaac's daughter, should be remitted to the care and keeping of her uncle, the Duke of Austria.

When Philip Augustus and John Lackland were informed of the conditions of Richard's release, they sent to assure the emperor of a sum much larger than that which he had fixed as his ransom, on condition that he would keep him in prison. Or, if he would not consent to those terms, they agreed to pay him twenty thousand pounds for each year of his imprisonment. Henry VI., whom the Normans of Italy called "the Cyclops," was unable to resist

so attractive a bargain, and was about to sign the agreement, when his German prelates and barons, who had guaranteed the liberty of the English king, reproached the emperor for his greediness, and determined to release his captive.

England, that was well-nigh brought to ruin by Richard on his departure to the Holy Land, drained herself still further by ransoming her king from captivity. The English people even sold their holy vessels. More than seventy thousand pounds of silver were paid in hard money to "the Cyclops"; and for the payment of the remaining sum Richard gave hostages.

Plantagenet at last breathed the air of liberty, in February, 1194, after fourteen months' imprisonment in his German dungeon (from December, 1192, till February, 1194). On being informed by his spies of Richard's freedom, Philip wrote a letter to Lackland, in which we find these words, "Take care, the 'devil is let loose!"

Accompanied by some faithful servants, the King of England descended the Rhine as far as Cologne. The Archbishop of Cologne conducted him thence to Antwerp, where Richard found a fleet awaiting him. He embarked amid the joyful acclamations of the sailors, and landed at Sandwich, where the people welcomed him with very lively demonstrations of joy.

His entry into London was like a triumph. Nobles and serfs came forth to meet him. In spite of all his failings, the English people loved Richard; they talked of nothing 'but his bravery, his great deeds of valour, his generosity, his misfortunes, and thanked God for restoring them a king whom they scarcely expected to see six months before.

CHAPTER XVII.

Richard preferred his Continental Possessions to England—New Exactions—He leaves England—Pardons his Brother John—Makes War on Philip Augustus—Troubles in London—William Osbert.

IT was Richard's lot only, as it were, occasionally to visit England. On his coming to the crown, he visited the country to solemnize his coronation, and to collect the moneys devoted to the purposes of the Crusade, on which his whole soul was bent. Forced to take up arms to resist the unjust aggressions of Philip Augustus, he only remained in England for the short space necessary to prepare himself for an inevitable war.

But the Plantagenets, Norman-Anjevin by birth, never showed any partiality to

England, least of all, Richard himself. Their predilections were Norman. Cœur-de-Lion, especially, whom the English reckon in the number of their greatest rulers, loved the banks of the Eure and the Seine far more than those of the Thames and the Severn. Lingard says that Richard looked upon England as "supplementary to his foreign possessions, and as having no value, save in the income which he drew from it."

In truth, the revenue which he squeezed from England, both before and after the Crusade, was so large that the whole realm was impoverished. At the time of his departure for the East he sold, as we know, the crown lands and the high offices of the state. On his return, he resumed all the grants he had made, repealed the Acts he had passed, and annulled the sales and contracts he had undertaken before his departure for Palestine. He alleged that the purchasers had reaped sufficient profit from their bargains, which tended

greatly to the detriment of the crown, and that subjects ought never to make an advantage of their king's necessities. They were sold again to the highest bidders.

Heavy taxes pressed sorely upon the people, the clergy, and the feudal lords. England, impoverished first by the Crusade, then by the ransom of the king, was compelled finally to pay the cost of Richard's wars with Philip Augustus. Yet writers have been found to justify Richard's conduct in this matter. Matthew Paris says, on the subject of this war: "The King of France wasted Richard's territory with fire and sword; and, if to punish him for this, Richard exacted money from his people with greater rapacity than became a king, we must pardon him on this score, because he rather wished to extort money from his subjects than fail in his duty as a king."

Richard, to wipe out the stain of his captivity was crowned, contrary to the ad-

vice of his counsellors, a second time in the cathedral of Winchester.

At a convocation of prelates, earls, and barons, summoned at Nottingham, he accused of the crime of high treason his brother John, and Hugh, Archbishop of Canterbury, his bosom friend and adviser. The two, having refused to appear before this supreme tribunal, were pronounced contumacious. The archbishop was left to the mercy of Richard as sheriff, and judged as a bishop by the Church. John was condemned to banishment on the Continent. All his possessions became the property of the crown; and it was on that occasion that the name of Sansterre, or Lackland, was given to him.

Two months after their condemnation (in the month of May, 1194), Richard and his mother landed at Barfleur with an army, and found in this town John Lackland, who, on his knees, begged the king's forgiveness. Eleanor was present on this occasion, and her mother's heart yearned

to obtain pardon for a rebel subject and a guilty brother.

“Pardon him, my son!” said she, throwing her arms round the neck of the king. “Look at his penitence.”

The monarch raised John on his feet—embraced him, and turning towards his mother, said,—“I pardon him, and I hope I shall forget his injuries as quickly as he will forget his duty, and my mercy.” But Richard sternly refused to restore his castles and manors.

Philip laid siege to Verneuil. The English hero marched to its relief. But Philip, who had not courage to face Richard in the open field, stole from his camp in the night, and fled with great precipitation.

The great fortress of Loches in Tourain, a possession of the King of England, had fallen into the hands of the King of the French during Richard’s captivity. Richard hastened to Loches, and retook the fortress.

Philip pitched his camp near Vendôme,

whither Richard directed his march. The French king had already broken up his camp, and was moving to Preteval. Richard fell upon him this time like lightning. In a short and brilliant action, he overcame the French, who fled in disorder. Philip left on the field of battle the registers of the crown, which he was accustomed to carry with him, and Richard at once made himself master of them. All his baggage and treasure, his seal and portable chapel were taken, together with the instruments signed by the rebellious barons, obliging themselves to stand by Philip and John against their sovereign.

Richard entered Poitou, and marched against the Count of Angoulême, whose province he reduced. All his enemies trembled, and bowed their heads, and were brought into subjection before the hero of Arsur and of Jaffa. He had come to Poitiers, when the heralds-at-arms of the King of France arrived with a proposition in the name of their lord and master, to put

an end to their sanguinary disputes, in the same manner as formerly were arranged those between Alba Longa and Rome.

“Let us spare,” said Philip, by the mouth of his envoys, “let us spare the lives of innocent men, and the soil which gives them their bread ; let five knights, chosen from each side, settle in combat our differences.”

“By St. George !” cried out Plantagenet, “it is well spoken ! I accept the challenge ; but on one condition. My brother of France and I, sword in hand, must be amongst the combatants !”

Philip, it is reported, would have consented to this arrangement had not the great barons of his court dissuaded him, affirming that a sovereign could not engage with his vassal in single combat ; and thus a pretty fight was spoiled.

The more peaceable intervention of the bishops, however, brought about a truce between these two violent enemies, which put an end, for a few months, to the ravages

of war. By a treaty, the basis of which had been arranged at Charost, in Berry, but which was only definitively concluded at Louviers, in 1196, it was agreed that Philip should surrender the town of Ysadun, Auvergne and Gascony; that he should restore to the English monarch the castle of Arques, the county of Aumale, of which the French king had possessed himself on his return from St. Jean d'Acre; and that Richard, on his part, should surrender to Philip the castles of Gisors, Nauffles, and all the Norman Vexin.

We cannot omit to mention the disturbances which broke out in London, in 1196, in consequence of the unequal distribution of the taxes amongst the people, the citizens, and the nobles. These disturbances are the more worthy of notice, inasmuch as they were the last struggles that took place between the Anglo-Saxon population and their Norman conquerors.

A Saxon of distinguished birth, William

Osbert, whom Matthew Paris calls William le Barbu, because he allowed his beard to grow, had, through dislike of the Normans, embraced the cause of the people—had become, in fact, their great champion.

To plead their cause before the king, he crossed the Channel, and asked an audience of Richard, who received him with kindness; he told him that the aldermen, in imposing the taxes, were guilty of great cruelty to the poor, who were reduced to terrible straits. Instead of taxing each man according to his income, Osbert affirmed that the aldermen spared the rich and threw all the burthens of taxation upon the poor.

The king promised to see justice done; but he forgot his promises. William waited vainly in London for some reform of the abuses he had so respectfully brought to the notice of the king. He then began to organize a kind of conspiracy, in which there were enrolled more than fifty thou-

sand Saxons. His design was nothing less than to shake off the Norman yoke and to place English affairs again in the hands of their former masters. He frequently harangued the people, exciting them to take up arms against their oppressors. But he found in those masses of people only men of cowardly dispositions and timid spirit, who retreated at the moment of danger.

Hubert Gauthier, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Grand Justiciary of England, sowed distrust and discouragement amongst the confederate leaders, who abandoned their chief. William Osbert was taken prisoner in a church, to which he had fled for refuge, after a very valiant defence. Tied to the tail of a mettlesome horse, he was dragged through the streets of London, till he was covered with blood, and then hanged at the same time with some of his partisans.

“If the cause makes the martyr,” says Matthew Paris, speaking of the punish-


ment of William Osbert—a punishment borne with great constancy and endurance —“if the cause makes the martyr, no one has a juster claim to that title than William le Barbu.”

The people who left him to perish without raising a hand in his defence, thereupon began to worship him as a saint; they stole the gibbet on which he suffered, as equal to the cross in sanctity; the turf on which it stood was carried away, and kept as a preservative from sickness and misfortune; and numbers of people resorted to the place, either out of curiosity or devotion. These pious honours paid to the memory of a rebel were, however, regarded by the Normans as a kind of moral revolt against established authority. The Government found it necessary to restrain the excitement. The chancellor set a guard upon the spot to keep off the rabble, and practised some other severities, which, after a time, put a final end to this growing superstition: so true

is it that a race despoiled of power remembers for a long time its lost authority, its liberty, and ancient glory, and only submits with horror to the laws of its foreign masters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Building of the Fortress of Andely—Interdict launched against Normandy by the Archbishop of Rouen—War recommences between Richard and Philip—The Bandits—Philip of Dreux, Bishop of Beauvais—Fight of Gamache—Capture of the Castles of Courcelles, Bourg, and Lerifontaine by Richard—Fight in the Plain of Gisors—Courage of Philip Augustus—Fall of the King of France into the Epte—Details of this subject.

HE charming and picturesque valley of Andely is the point from which the French most frequently and most forcibly attacked Normandy.

Anxious to put this valley into a posture of defence, Richard caused to be built in the year 1197 two fortresses, the ruins of which are to be seen in our day.

One of these castles, of which only the

walls of the enclosure, serving as the hedge of a garden, are still visible, was built on an island formed by the Seine, and still preserves the name of "the Island of the Castle."

The other fortress was surrounded by a triple enclosure, some parts of the walls of which remain, and the keep stands in a state of almost perfect preservation; it was built on a rock, which commands Petit Andely; this is Chateau Guillard, whose history is mingled with that of France till the time of Henry IV., when it was demolished.

Authentic accounts report that this huge fortress was built in a year. When it was finished Richard climbed to the top of the keep, and cried out with joy, "What a splendid achievement of one year is this!"

The ground on which these two fortresses were built formed a part of the possessions of the cathedral of Rouen. Gauthier de Coutances, archbishop of that city, protested against this violation of his

territory. In exchange, therefore, for the little island of Andely, and the barren rock on which Chateau Guillard was built, Richard offered to the prelate the towns of Dieppe and of Louviers, and a number of mills which the king owned at Rouen. Gauthier would not accept any terms, and protested anew; Richard proceeded with the works, and the archbishop, who was said to be in close correspondence with the court of the French king, laid all Normandy, of which he was primate, under an interdict.

The bells hung in silence, the churches were closed, public worship was suspended, the sacraments ceased to be administered, the dead remained unburied; terror and consternation prevailed over the whole of Normandy.

The extreme severity of the archbishop, who might, one would have thought, have confined his anathemas to Richard, instead of bringing unnumbered and unmitigated miseries upon innocent families, did not

tend to peace in the presence of such great tribulation.

To bend the archbishop, or rather to bring him to reason and equity, Richard at once appealed to the supreme authority of the Holy See ; and the archbishop was reprimanded and ordered to take off the interdict. Gauthier de Coutances thereupon accepted Richard's former proposal. Richard's whole conduct in this matter deserves praise.

The building of the fortress of Andely was a cause of great trouble to Philip, who imagined that he saw a hostile intention in this action of his vassal. Richard, on his part, did not spare his suzerain ; nor did he recognize his right of forbidding him to do what he chose on his own territory. Enmities burst out again between the two exasperated rivals. The old enemy of the human race once more sowed the evil seed of hatred and of discord.

War was ready to burst out between the two kings at any moment, and on the

slightest pretext. It would be unprofitable to enter here into the real motives of the war; suffice it to say, that Richard had razed the castle of Vierzon in Berry, and ravaged its dependencies with fire and sword. Philip, the suzerain of the Lord of Vierzon, took his side, and entering Richard's territories began to slay and devastate as before.

Richard had in his pay a troop of bandits, consisting of men from all the countries of Europe, which was under the command of a brave Provençal soldier, called Marcaddee. These foreign soldiers went under the name of routiers, or highwaymen; their profession was to pillage, burn, and murder. In the year 1197 they burned and destroyed every living thing in the neighbourhood of Beauvais.

The renowned Philip de Dreux, Bishop of Beauvais, grandson of Louis le Gros, and therefore first cousin to the King of France, collected an army, donned his cuirass, seized the sword with which he

had fought the Saracens, and attacked the Brabantins.

The Brabantins, however, had the best of the combat. Marcaddee took the bishop and his archdeacon prisoners, and led them in their armour into the presence of Richard.

"My lord, King of England," said Marcaddee to him, "I have captured and brought to thee this singing-man and his friend, and I make thee a present of the two. Hold them fast, and guard them well by all means."

The king gave the archdeacon his liberty, against whom he had no quarrel ; but the bishop, with a kind of cruel joy, he cast into prison at Rouen ; for it was he who had riveted his irons, and made them more intolerable during his captivity in Germany.

Plantagenet, always so keen in money matters, chanced at that time to be destitute of money, yet obstinately refused to restore Philip to liberty in exchange for a heavy ransom which the Chapter of

Beauvais offered him. The desire of vengeance overpowered his love of money.

Thus the bishop, who was better qualified for the camp than the pulpit, was closely confined at Rouen by the king's orders, and even put in fetters, as a mark of disgrace; and when two of his clergy came to petition that he might be used with greater lenity, Richard told them that he treated the bishop in this manner by way of retaliation for the many injuries he had received from him in Palestine and Germany; adding, that in consequence of Philip de Dreux's representations to the emperor he had been "loaded with as many irons as a horse could carry." The fighting priest only recovered his liberty after the death of Richard.

The English chroniclers state that Philip de Dreux implored the good offices of the Pope, and begged his holiness to intercede in his favour with Richard, and demand that some term should be put to his im-

prisonment. In the letter thus addressed to the monarch the Sovereign Pontiff called the Bishop of Beauvais his dear son. If we believe the chroniclers, Plantagenet returned answer to this demand of the Pope by sending the bishop's cuirass and the words of Jacob's sons: "This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no;" and thereupon Celestin III. answered, "No; I do not recognize it. It is rather befitting a son of Mars, than a soldier of Jesus Christ. If it be the bishop's, let his ransom be fixed according to the wish of the king."

It is impossible to say whether such a correspondence as this between King Richard and the Bishop of Rome ever existed. It looks in some aspects like an invention. Yet it is worth while to observe that the sending of the cuirass to Rome, and the message accompanying it, are very much like the manner of Richard's deeds, and are overflowing with his caustic and bantering wit.

In Richard's second French campaign Philip Augustus for the first time called under his standard the commons enfranchised by his grandfather, Louis le Gros. Let us make here a not unimportant remark. The contingents which appeared in the army of the king were not merely the dependants of feudal lords, but also commoners who were independent of feudal authority. Thus the emancipation of the inferior classes and the liberties of the country took root under the shield of royalty. But the commons, at that time badly disciplined and armed,—these enfranchised commons,—who, some years after, triumphed over Europe,—were unable to resist the impetuous attack of Richard and his knights, who inflicted on them a crushing defeat at Gamache in the year 1198.

Philip retired to Mantes after his defeat; but Richard, following up his victory, took by assault the castles of Courcelles, Bourg, and Lerifontaine, near Gisors. He was

ready to march on that town, when the French king and his army came into the neighbourhood of those castles which Richard had assaulted and taken. Philip's little army only numbered five hundred horsemen; that of Richard counted more than six thousand. In a council of war held on horseback by Philip and his barons, it was decided, in spite of the advice of the king, that it was impossible to attack the numerous troops of the English prince without exposing themselves to certain death: a retreat was therefore proposed.

"Never," said Philip in anger. "I will not retreat before my vassal! My country shall not reproach me with such cowardice! Forward! forward!" he cried, addressing his soldiers, "and let him die a felon's death who will not follow me!"

All followed him through the battalions of the enemy that barred the way to Gisors. Philip, sword in hand, cleared an opening through the English ranks. He hastened

to Gisors. Richard followed at full speed.

The bridge by which they crossed the Epte to reach the town fell in under the weight of men and horses. The French king, in complete armour, fell with his horse into the stream, and would have perished but for the heroism of his knights, who threw themselves between the English and their king until he was dragged out of the river. This fight occurred in 1198.

In this combat-au-galop Richard slew about forty barons, one hundred chevaliers, and one hundred and forty war horses. In a letter which he wrote the day after to England he boasted of having compelled the French king "to drink the waters of the Epte." But Richard prudently did not undertake the siege of Gisors, for he knew that the inhabitants had determined to defend it to the death. (*Note VI.*)

The piety of the French attributed the preservation of the king to a miracle.

Having seen an image of the Blessed Virgin placed over the gate of the town, Philip commended himself to Mary. In memory of his deliverance he caused the image to be draped in cloth of gold, and the gate which defended the town on that side of the river to be gilded, and the bridge as well; and from that time the gate has been called by the name of the "gilded gate," and the bridge, though rebuilt many times since that event, still retains the name of the "gilded bridge."

At the Restoration the town of Gisors obtained from the Government a bronze statue of the Blessed Virgin, purposing to place it on the "gilded bridge." The statue only arrived at Gisors in the month of February, 1831, a short time after the insurrections in the city of Paris. Not judging it prudent at that time to place it on the pedestal that had been prepared for it, they placed it in the church, where it still remains.

The following inscription is written on

the base of the statue:—"In the year 1198 Philip Augustus having resolved to succour Gisors, which was besieged by Cœur-de-Lion, faithful to the oath he had sworn not to fly before his vassal, opened a way for himself through the lines of the opposing forces, and was crossing the bridge leading into the town when it fell in and he was precipitated into the water. In this situation he invoked the Blessed Virgin, whose statue adorns the bridge, and, rescued by her from imminent death, he reached the town. In witness of his acknowledgments, Philip caused the bridge and the statue of Mary to be gilded, because he owed to her his protection in the moment of extreme danger."

CHAPTER XIX.

French Possessions of the Crown of England in the Twelfth Century—Policy of Philip in this matter—Impossibility of wresting from Richard any Province—Richard mortally wounded at the Castle of Chalus—Dialogue between the dying Monarch and the Archbishop of Rouen—Richard's Death—Philip's Words on learning this Event—A Poet's Verses on Richard's Demise—His Memory cherished by the Inhabitants of Chalus. A.D. 1198-99.



IN the twelfth century Gascony, Guienne, a large part of Auvergne and Limousin, Angoumois, Saint-onge, Aunis, Poitou, Touraine, Anjou, Maine, and Normandy, belonged to the English king, who also exercised a right of suzerainty over Brittany. These vast possessions, which embraced a good third part of France, the Plantagenets held as Dukes of Normandy, by the marriage of

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the Empress Maude with Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, and by that of Eleonor with Henry II.

It was a state of things intolerable to the kings of France. If such a condition had lasted they would have become vassals of the kings of England. Who knows whether the country might not have been one day the spoil of the islanders on the other side of the Channel? The persevering policy of the kings of France, and especially of Philip Augustus, was to drive the English out of France. All Frenchmen wish to give their country its natural boundaries: on the north the Channel and the Pas de Calais; on the west the Atlantic Ocean; on the east the Rhine; on the south the Mediterranean Sea. They have reached their mark.

Neustria had been a province of France. An incapable and cowardly prince, Charles the Simple, had ceded that rich province to Rollo in the year 912, when he gave

his daughter in marriage to the chief of the victorious Normans (Northmen).

Now all the quarrel between Philip Augustus and Richard turned on this simple point. Philip was desirous of adding to the crown of France Normandy and the other English provinces of the continent. Richard wished to retain them to the English crown, and transmit them to his successors. So long as this state of things lasted peace between the two countries was an illusion. Philip's aggressions were disguised under a multitude of appearances. Richard, sword in hand, heroically resisted every attack; and some affirm that had Richard lived Philip would not have succeeded in filching one of his possessions. Gifted with incomparable bravery and unconquerable energy, bold and terrible, he would not endure any encroachment on his territories. He was always and everywhere successful in driving back his rival's assaults. On his death, and not before, Philip took posses-

sion of Normandy, Poitou, Anjou, Maine, Saintonge, and Angoumois.

Richard's death followed shortly upon the fight of Gisors, in A.D. 1198, at a time when that great man, Innocent III., succeeded Celestine III. on the Pontifical throne. He it was who succeeded in a considerable degree in stopping the effusion of blood and the waste of treasure caused by the dreadful wars between the English and the French.

One of the peasants of Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges, a vassal of the King of England, had found a large treasure in digging his field at the foot of the castle of Chalus. This was, we are assured, the statue of a Roman emperor, of the purest gold, sitting with his wife, sons, and daughters, at a table of gold. The news of this discovery spread throughout England and France. Everybody talked of it, and the inhabitants of Chalus believe to this day in this marvellous treasure-trove.

Vidomar would only surrender to

Richard a part of the treasure. Plantagenet pretended that the whole belonged to him as suzerain. The viscount having contested his right, the king came to his castle to take forcible possession of it, and besieged his vassal, who then declared that he was willing to surrender the whole treasure; but Richard was by no means satisfied with a simple surrender. "The castle shall be taken 'by assault,'" he said, "and the rebels shall be hanged. I am come here on no foolish errand."

He gave the signal for the attack. Scarcely had it been delivered when an adroit crossbowman, named Bertrand de Gourdon, mounted on one of the towers of the castle, saw Richard on horseback near the rock of Maulmont, aimed at and shot him in the left shoulder, March 26th, 1199. "I am wounded to the death," said he. He was carried to his tent, after giving some orders concerning the siege, the chief direction of which he left to the renowned Marcaddee, chief of the

routiers. He very soon forced the viscount to surrender the castle, and hanged by the neck all the brave defenders of the stronghold.

There only remained Bertrand de Gourdon, for whom Marcaddee had reserved a more cruel death. Richard wished to see him. They led him into his presence in chains.

"In what way have I injured you," said the king, "that you should seek such a revenge?"

"You have slain my father, my brothers, and my companions," haughtily answered Gourdon, "and you ask me what injury you have done me! But I am avenged now. I am happy, for you will die! I am at your mercy; torture me as you desire."

"Ah, truly!" said the generous Richard, admiring the frankness and courage of the soldier. "I pardon you, and I present to you with your liberty a hundred gold pieces."

Bertrand, in astonishment, inclined his

head reverently, without saying a word, and left the royal tent under the conduct of Marcaddee. But that traitor to the words of his royal master, the fierce leader of the brigands, shut up Gourdon in prison, and caused him to be flayed alive after his master's death.

It is said that an unskilful surgeon, endeavouring to extract the weapon from the wound of the English hero, mangled the flesh in such a manner that gangrene ensued. The king understood that the wound was mortal, and that he was going to die.

A curious dialogue is reported to have been spoken between the king on his death-bed and Gauthier de Coutances, Archbishop of Rouen:—

THE ARCHBISHOP: "Put your affairs in order, my lord, for death is approaching."

THE KING: "I know it. What must I do?"

THE ARCHBISHOP: "Think of the daughters whom you have to marry."

THE KING: "You are pleasant, Archbishop; you know that I have neither sons nor daughters."

THE ARCHBISHOP: "My lord, you have three daughters: your eldest is vanity; your second, avarice; and your third, luxury."

THE KING (smiling): "Then I will bestow them where I know they will be cherished. I dispose of my pride to the Knights Templars, my covetousness to the Cistercians, and my luxury to the prelates."

THE ARCHBISHOP: "Talk not thus, your majesty, for your last hour is near."

THE KING (impatiently): "Then what must I do?"

THE ARCHBISHOP: "Repent! Confess your sins, and have confidence in the mercy of God, who is always ready to pardon the sins of those who truly repent."

THE KING (clasping his hands and weeping): "I am truly penitent. Let me see my chaplain."

His chaplain Anselm, who had attended him in all his wars, came, and the king was confessed. He then gave orders to his attendants to bind him hand and foot and scourge him ; and they did so.

He received the sacrament with a deep devotion, and in a calm state of mind. "The mercy of God is great," he then said ; "but His justice demands that every transgression should receive its due punishment. I have confidence in His mercy, but I dread His justice. I give my body to the worms, and my soul to God !" Whispering then his broken prayers, he expired, on the 6th of April, 1199, in the forty-second year of his age, after a reign of ten years, of which he spent only six months in England. (*Note VII.*)

Philip's courtiers announced with joy the death of England's monarch. Philip restrained himself, and said : "One should not rejoice, but be sorrowful ; for the Christian faith has lost a great prince and a most valiant defender." Splendid

eulogium, worthy of the king who pronounced it, and well deserved by the hero who inspired it.

Before he died Richard desired that his body might be laid by the side of his father's at Fontevraud, that his entrails might be interred in the chapel of the castle of Chalus, and that his heart, which was found to be of a surprising magnitude, might be deposited in a silver shrine in the cathedral of Rouen; and this marked his gratitude to the inhabitants of Rouen for their bravery and fidelity in defending the town against the attacks of Philip, when he besieged the city.

A contemporary poet composed some verses on the death of Richard, of which the following is a somewhat free translation in irregular verse :—

Light let them lay the soil above thee,
Bravest and best !
Soft be thy slumbers here,
Sweet be thy rest !

Fontevraud claims thy dust,
England thy glory ;
Europe in hymns of praise
Rings with thy story.

Matchless in council,
Unconquered in fight,
Awing the nations
With the fame of thy might !

Loved by thy friends wert thou,
Feared by thy foes ;
Distant and harsh to these,
Gentle to those.


* * * *

Lower him tenderly,
Into the grave,
The great Lion-hearted,
The fearless and brave.

The memory of Richard lives in the hearts of the inhabitants of Chalus. The little children of the town show the stranger the rock of Maulmont, where the monarch was mortally wounded ; and for centuries tourists from Great Britain have visited with a religious respect that place celebrated for ever as the spot where the great English hero received his death-wound.

CHAPTER XX.

Richard's Laws—His Portrait—His Character—
His Wit—Two great Facts sum up Richard's
Reign—Remarks on this subject—Results of
the Third Crusade—Judgment upon Richard.

P to this point we have only viewed Richard as a soldier, and it is as a soldier mainly that he has immortalized his name in history. Let us now look at his character as a legislator: in this we shall have a short and easy task.

Before the reign of this prince, the jurisdiction of the feudal lords of Normandy embraced not only lay but also clerical questions.

Richard made a change in this jurisdiction. The clergy were no longer imprisoned by the secular arm, except for homicide, theft, or arson. All affairs re-

lating to false promises and broken oaths fell within the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical tribunals. Sanctions to contracts of marriage, in which were stipulated the dowries of those to be married, were likewise submitted to them.

No inquiry might be lawfully made by the feudal lord when it was shown that the possession of any contested property was the proceeds of alms given to purposes of religion.

The division of the property of private persons bequeathed by will was made by judges of the Ecclesiastical Court, and the tenth part of this property could no longer be subtracted as before, to the injury of the heirs.

If a parson had enriched himself by usury, his property, after his death, no longer appertained as formerly to the secular authority, but it was applied to pious purposes by the episcopal power.

As we may see, Richard took from the feudal authority a number of privileges

which had been frequently abused. In this matter he only followed the example of a great prince who first, on the knowledge of the collusions of a multitude of secular magistrates, instituted ecclesiastical tribunals. Without the help of bishops in the courts of justice, in the midst of the ignorance of the middle ages, equity must have been lost sight of.

One unjust and barbarous law had existed in England before the Conquest ; it was to the effect that if a seafaring man perished during a voyage his goods became the property of the crown, and no account was taken of the heirs of the owner of the shipwrecked vessel. Henry I. modified this law, by enacting that if one man survived the wreck of the vessel, there would be no ground to put the law in force.

Henry II. added the clause that if the proprietor of the vessel could be discovered by any brute beast remaining on board, then three months would be allowed to the owner of the vessel, or his heirs, to put in

a claim for the cargo ; but that if no claim was put in within the period mentioned, then the cargo became the property of the crown.

Richard Cœur-de-Lion cancelled this legislation by granting a charter to this effect: that if a vessel was wrecked at sea, the master of which perished in the wreck, then the natural heirs of the deceased master should have rights in the vessel overriding those of the crown.

But the most curious legislative reform of Richard was that which introduced a fundamental reform of the law as regards weights and measures, the infinite varieties of which had given rise in the realm to enormous abuses. In this matter he established a complete uniformity.

Many kings had sought to introduce such a measure. Charlemagne, who had an immense genius, had an idea of introducing this excellent reform ; but the matter was postponed in France till six

centuries after the time of Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

Scattered notices in different chronicles aid us in drawing a portrait of Richard of England. He was tall and well proportioned ; his hair was light, and naturally inclined to be curly ; on his upper lip he wore a thick moustache ; a short beard adorned his chin, of which he took extreme care. His eyes flashed fire in the transport of his passion, and in the excitement of the battle-field ; but in the sweet intercourse of private life that terrible expression gave way to one altogether irresistible and seductive, and love and affection melted from their azure depths. He was a splendid man. His straight nose, his wide nostrils, the regular and strongly-marked features of his face, his martial air,—everything about Richard gave people the idea of a man meant by nature to rule. On his fair, broad brow they read the words, written by an invisible hand, *Command, Majesty, Nobility, Honour, Loyalty, Bravery.*

He feared God alone. His bravery was the admiration of the Christians and the heathens. An Arab author says of him that "he was brave, experienced in war, and without fear of death. Had he singly met millions of men he would not have hesitated a moment to attack them. Of all the kings of the West who fought in this war (the Third Crusade) he was without exception the most terrible ; nothing could resist the dash, the courage, the determination of his assault."

When Saladin reproached his emirs, after the battle of Jaffa, with the taunt of having fled before a single man, one of them said, "No man can support the blows which Richard of England strikes ; his impetuosity is terrible, his encounter is death, and his deeds are more than human."

For a century Richard's name was a terror in the East. The Saracens, the Arabs, and the Turks remark on his powers in their proverbs. When the

Saracen children were unmanageable, their mothers quieted them with the words, "Hush! here is King Richard!" When a Bedouin or a Saracen was riding a horse that became restive on seeing its own shadow, the rider, clapping his spurs into its flanks, would say, "Do you imagine that King Richard is hidden behind those thorns?"

He often invoked the name of St. George, the patron saint of the soldier. Whenever the sacred name of Jesus Christ passed his lips, or was mentioned in his presence, he bowed his body, and made the sign of the cross. The name of Mahomet irritated him to the last degree. He called him "a dog of a prophet," and sorely denounced any who, in his presence, eulogized the impostor of Medina and Mecca. He called the Mussulmans pagans, miscreants, infidels, a cursed race. Yet for Saladin and Malek-Adel he cherished a very high esteem. His expressed admiration for them won him the hate of

all the Christian princes combined in the Crusade.

Richard was a most splendid type of the soldier; he was a knight in the noblest acceptation of the word. Courteous to women in general, he was particularly so to his wife and his sister Jane. In the East, where the women are a kind of slaves, Plantagenet treated them with almost religious respect. When Berengaria or the ex-Queen of Sicily visited his tent, the king instantly rose, took off his cap, and kissed the princesses with incomparable grace.

Overflowing with imagination and wit, he carefully cultivated his mind, and deserves a place amongst the poets of his time. He was one of the professors of the "joyous science." In his youth he was feudal lord of Anjou, and had frequent intercourse with the gentle troubadours of Provence and Auvergne; he spoke and sang in their language. When he became King of England, numbers of these trou-

badours attended his court to do him honour.

Two great facts mark the reign of Richard I. (1) *The Crusade*, in which he took a leading part; and (2) his wars with Philip Augustus in the defence of his French possessions. In this last endeavour he completely succeeded; for the King of France, beaten at every point, was not able to make himself master of a foot of land belonging to England. As to the Crusade, he was baffled in his undertaking more through the jealousies and divisions which burst out in the army, than through the want of good will and military talents. The old antipathy that existed between the English and the French is, perhaps, sufficient to account for the final miscarriage of the expedition. I will add here one further proof of this fact, besides those I have already mentioned. The words are those of an ancient chronicler, who was well acquainted with the facts of the case.

“When the battle was set in order, the

Duke of Burgundy set himself to study ; and when he had thought the matter over, he sent for the barons of France into his tent, and said to them,—‘My lords, you know that our master, the King of France, is on the point of returning to his realm, having left here the greater part of his army ; and the King of England has but a handful of soldiers. If we march against the city of Jerusalem, and take it, people will not say that the French forces captured it ; but they will affirm that the English took it, and that would be a great reproach to France. And thus numbers, willing to do the duke and the French king a pleasure, refused to march against Jerusalem, and shortly after returned to Acre.”

All this is pretty clear ; and envy and jealousy account for the ill success of the expedition. But one need not therefore conclude that the third Crusade resulted in no good to Europe and to civilization.

Some of the Crusaders, making their way to Palestine, stayed in Spain, and by

their victories over the Moors prepared the way for the total deliverance of the countries south of the Pyrenees from the Moorish yoke.

A great number of Germans made war on the barbarous inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic, and thus extended the bounds of the Christian states of Europe.

The art of navigation received great encouragement and made sensible progress.

The island of Cyprus was governed by a long line of kings after Guy de Lusignan, and afforded a refuge to the remains of the Christian colonies wasted by the Saracens after Saladin's demise.

In most of the kingdoms of Europe, commerce, and the very dispositions engendered by the crusades, favoured very much the enfranchisement of the commons. Many of the serfs, who had obtained their freedom, entered gladly into this enterprise. It was by no means the least interesting spectacle of this war to

see the banners of certain cities of France and Germany floating amongst the ensigns of the lords and barons of the Christian host.

Richard loved the East,—that land of great miracles, of great names, and great destinies. He wished from the very bottom of his heart, when compelled by stern necessity to leave the shores of Syria, that he might at some time be able to return thither again.

He retained the sign of a Crusader up to the moment of his death; and on his return to Europe, at the tournaments held in England, he exhorted the chevaliers and barons who assembled there to follow his standard to the Holy Land whenever the fit moment should arrive. But his enemy Philip, who was constantly animated with the desire of seizing Richard's continental possessions, and his brother John's base intrigues, made his expedition to the East impossible; and then death came, and carried him off in the flower of his age.

Excessive in all things, Richard knew no moderation ; but excess is sometimes a virtue in kings, as in meaner people. In contrast to some brilliant qualities, with a richly gifted mind, fertile in resources, he only left behind him the grand renown of a great soldier.

In drawing to our conclusion we will repeat the sage and truthful judgment of Saladin concerning Richard's character :—
“He had a generous heart, an intrepid soul ; but he had not sufficient prudence, and he was too prodigal of his strength and too venturesome of his life. I like to see in a great man prudence and modesty, rather than contempt of danger and love of empty glory.”

Such was Richard of England surnamed Cœur-de-Lion. His character, his exploits, the events of his life, the incidents of his captivity, his sword of lightning, his plaintive harp, seem to belong less to history than to the romance of chivalry.

NOTES.



Note I., page 46.—It was in the month of March, in the year 1188 (Le Sieur de Mezeray states), that this tax was imposed by Philip in a great Parliament that he assembled at Paris. This tax was levied on all persons, lay and ecclesiastical. It consisted of the tenth part of all real and personal estate (*la dixième partie de tous les biens meubles et immeubles*). This tax was also levied by Henry and his son Richard from the same date in their English and French possessions.

Note II., page 70.—The Phocæan town.—Marseilles is one of the most ancient cities of France, having been founded by a colony of Greeks from Phocæa in Asia Minor between 500 B.C. and 600 B.C. Hence it is called here the Phocæan town.

Note III., page 78.—Mattegriffons. — The inhabitants of Messina were a faithless, cruel race, descended from Greeks, Lombards, and Saracens.

It was to bring them to good behaviour and to humble their pride that Richard built the castle that commanded the postern gate of their city, and he called the castle Mategriffon, or Griffon-slayer, probably in allusion to the name of Griffons bestowed upon the Messinians by way of reproach, and expressive of their spurious origin.

Note IV., page 90.—Frederick Barbarossa lost his life from fever, caught by bathing in the Orontes.

Note V., page 130.—The Old Man (or Sheikh) of the Mountains wrote a letter to Leopold, Duke of Austria, acquitting Richard of the murder of Conrad, and showing that he himself had caused the Marquis of Montferrat to be murdered in the streets of Tyre in consequence solely of some private offence.

Note VI., page 270.—We have a particular account of this battle in a letter written by the king himself to the Bishop of Durham. "Know," says he, "that on the Sunday before Michaelmas we entered the territories of France by Dangu, and attacked Courcelles, which, with its castle, tower, governor, and garrison, we took. The same day we assaulted the strong house of Bures, which we likewise took, and returned at night to Dangu.

Next day the King of France, being informed of our march, came from Mante with three hundred knights and their esquires, and a body of militia, to succour Courcelles, which he did not know was taken. As soon as we heard of his approach, we went with a small party and took post on the banks of the Epte, believing that the enemy intended to attack us by the ford of Dangu. But the enemy advanced on the side of Gisors, at the gates of which city we attacked them, and obliged them to fly with such precipitation that the King of France, as we heard, drank of the river, and about twenty of his knights were drowned. We, with our own hand, unhorsed and took prisoners Matthew de Montmorency, Alan de Roussy, and Fulk de Gilerval ; and about an hundred knights more have fallen into the hands of our troops. Their names we shall send when we have seen them ; for Marcaddee, general of the Brabantins, has thirty of them, whom we have not yet seen. The number of the esquires, horsemen, and foot that are taken cannot be distinctly ascertained. Two hundred led horses are taken, of which one hundred and forty are covered with iron.

“Thus did we overcome the King of France at Gisors ; though not we, but God and our right for us.”—Rym. v. 1, p. 96.

Note VII., page 281.—Upon his coffin were inscribed in golden letters the six following lines, specifying his greatest and most glorious achievements,—such as his victory over the Sicilians, his conquest of Cyprus, the sinking of the great carrack of the Saracens, the taking of the Babylonian caravan, and the defending of Joppa against the infidels.

“Scribitur hoc tumulo, rex auree, laus tua, tota
Aurea, materiæ conveniente notâ.
Laus tua prima fuit Siculi, Cyprus altera, Dromo
Tertia, Carvanæ quarta, suprema Joppæ.
Suppressi Siculi, Cyprus pessundata, Dromo
Mersus, Carvana capta, retenta Joppe.”

THE END.





